



NO. 32  
SEP.  
00748  
74/CDC

UK  
6p

# The FLINTSTONES and PEBBLES

a Hanna-Barbera  
Production

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
AUTHORITY



*Handwritten:*  
Back to  
the future  
11.11



RAY DIRGO

00748



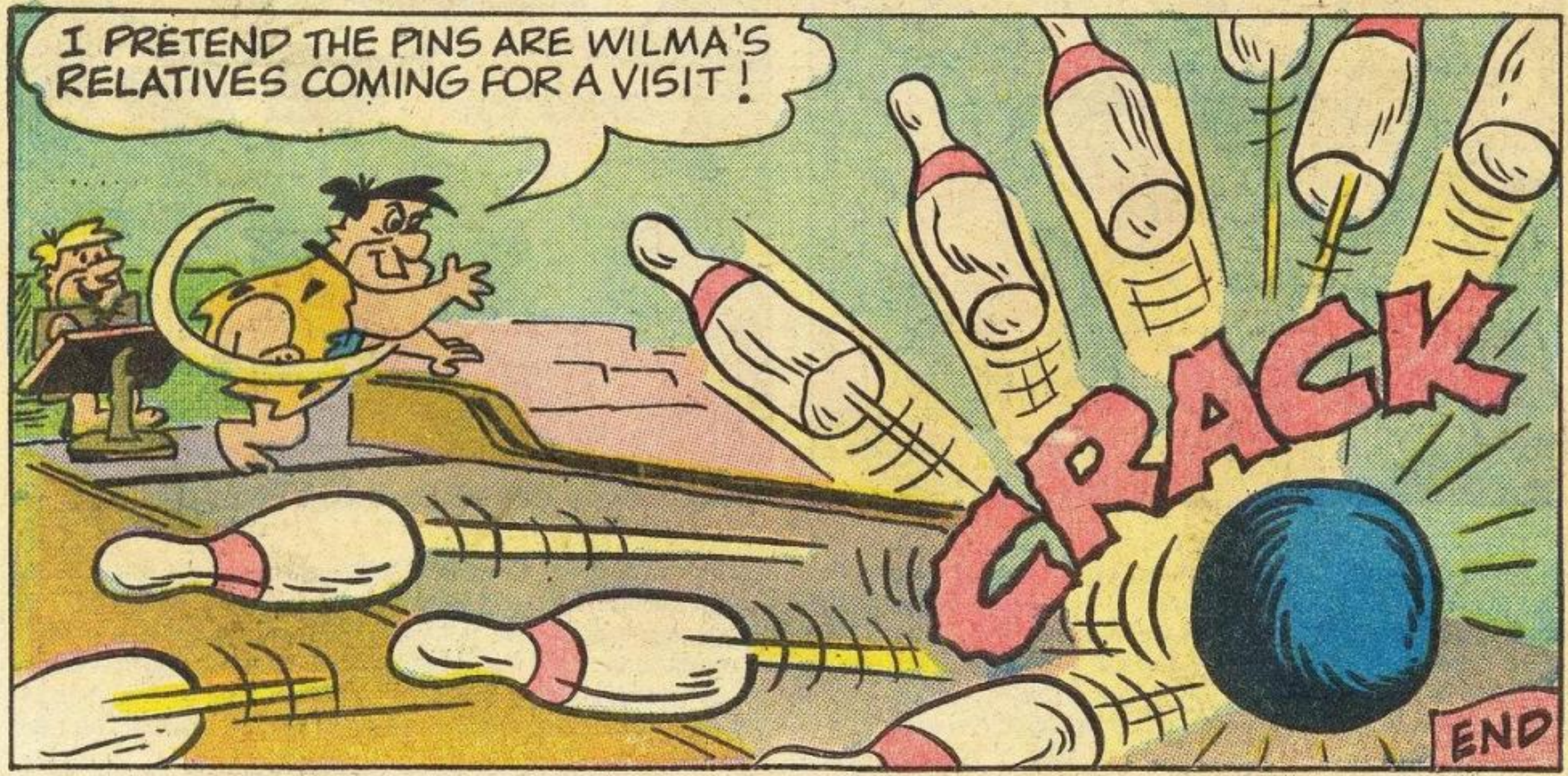
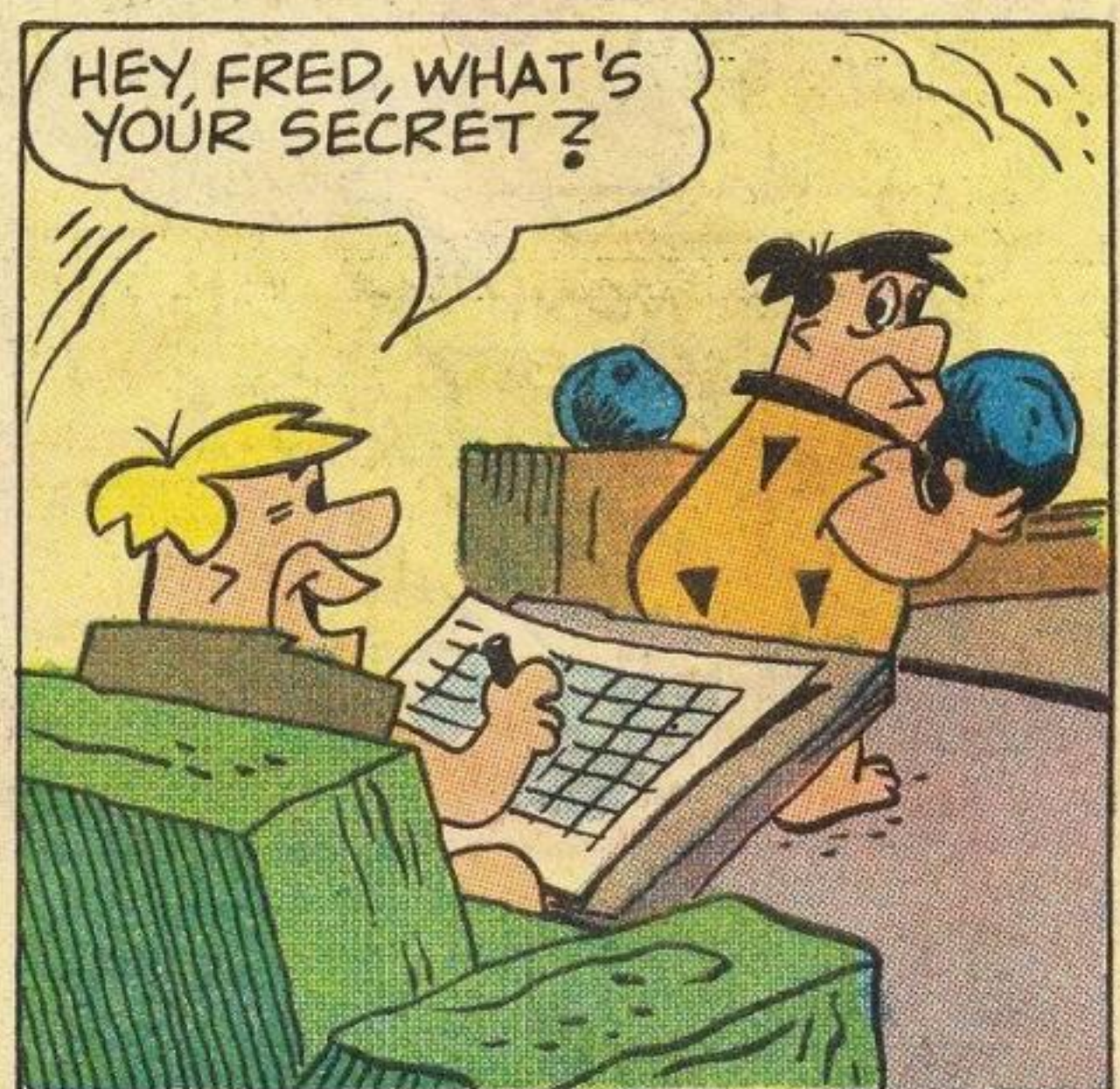
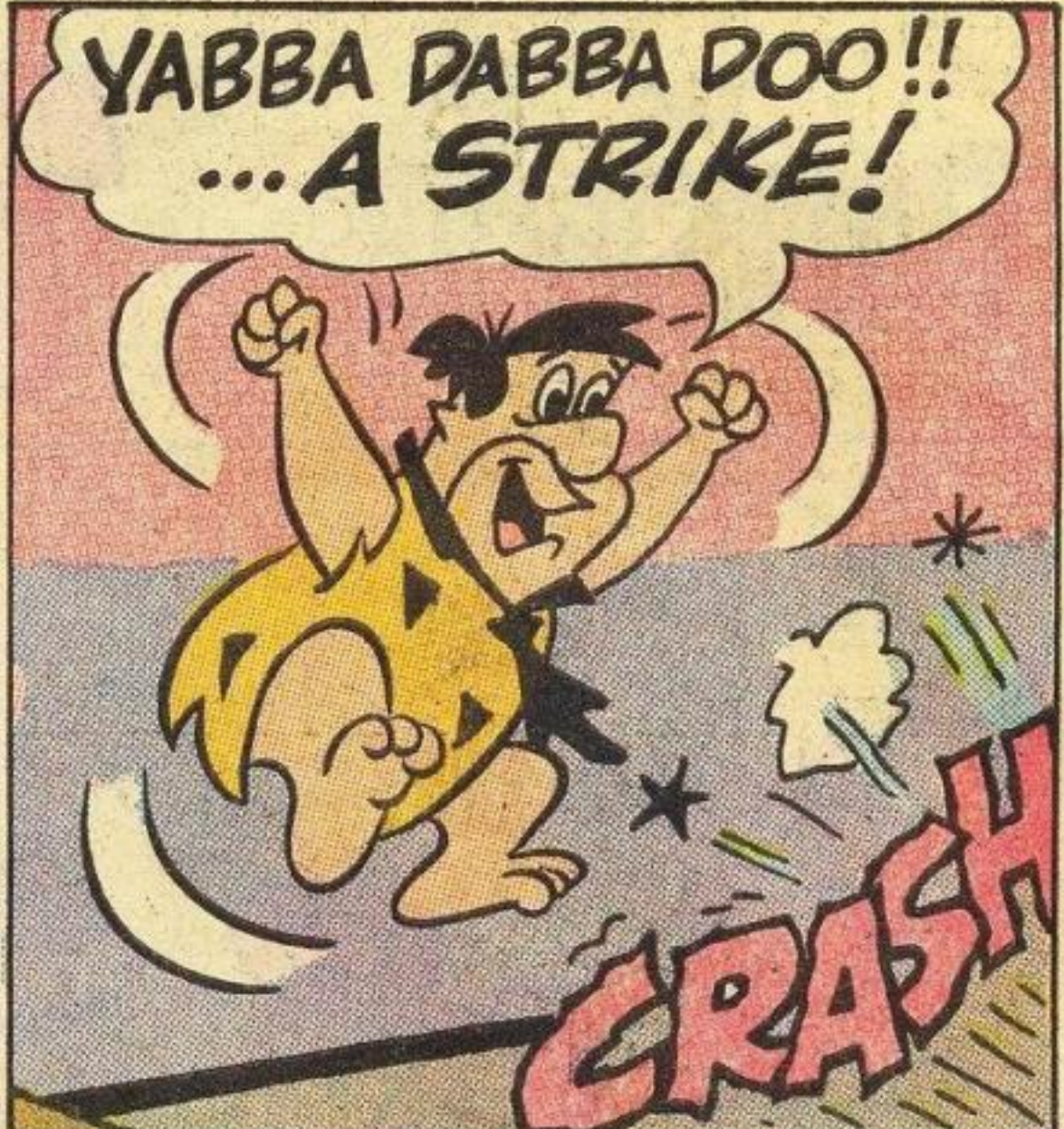
The  
**FLINTSTONES**

IN

# Ten Pins









**THE  
FLINTSTONES**

IN

**BARNEY WALKS  
THE BABY!**

I'LL TAKE LITTLE BAMB-BAMB FOR A WALK, BETTY! I'LL  
TAKE GOOD CARE OF HIM!

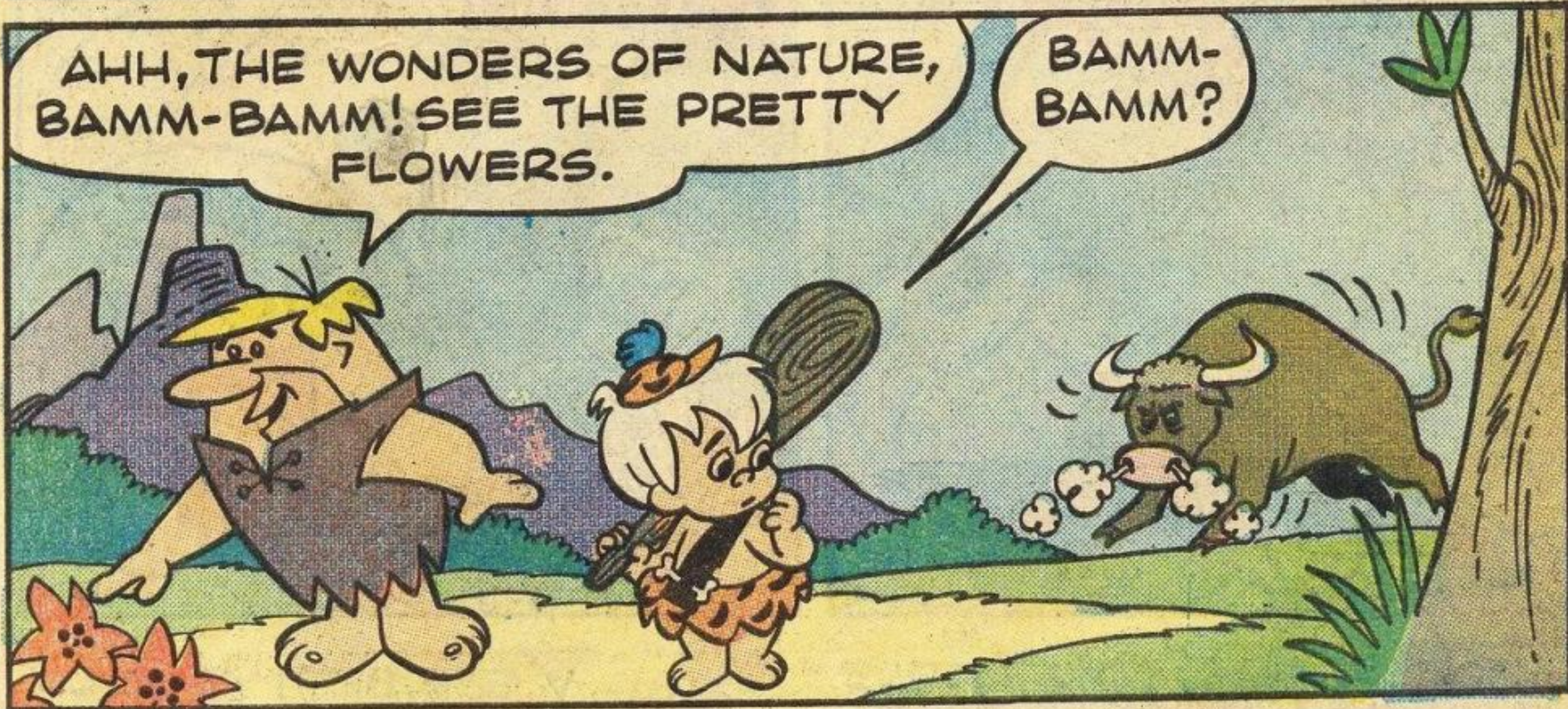
YOU'D  
BETTER,  
BARNEY!



D-3164

AHH, THE WONDERS OF NATURE,  
BAMB-BAMB! SEE THE PRETTY  
FLOWERS.

BAMB-  
BAMB?



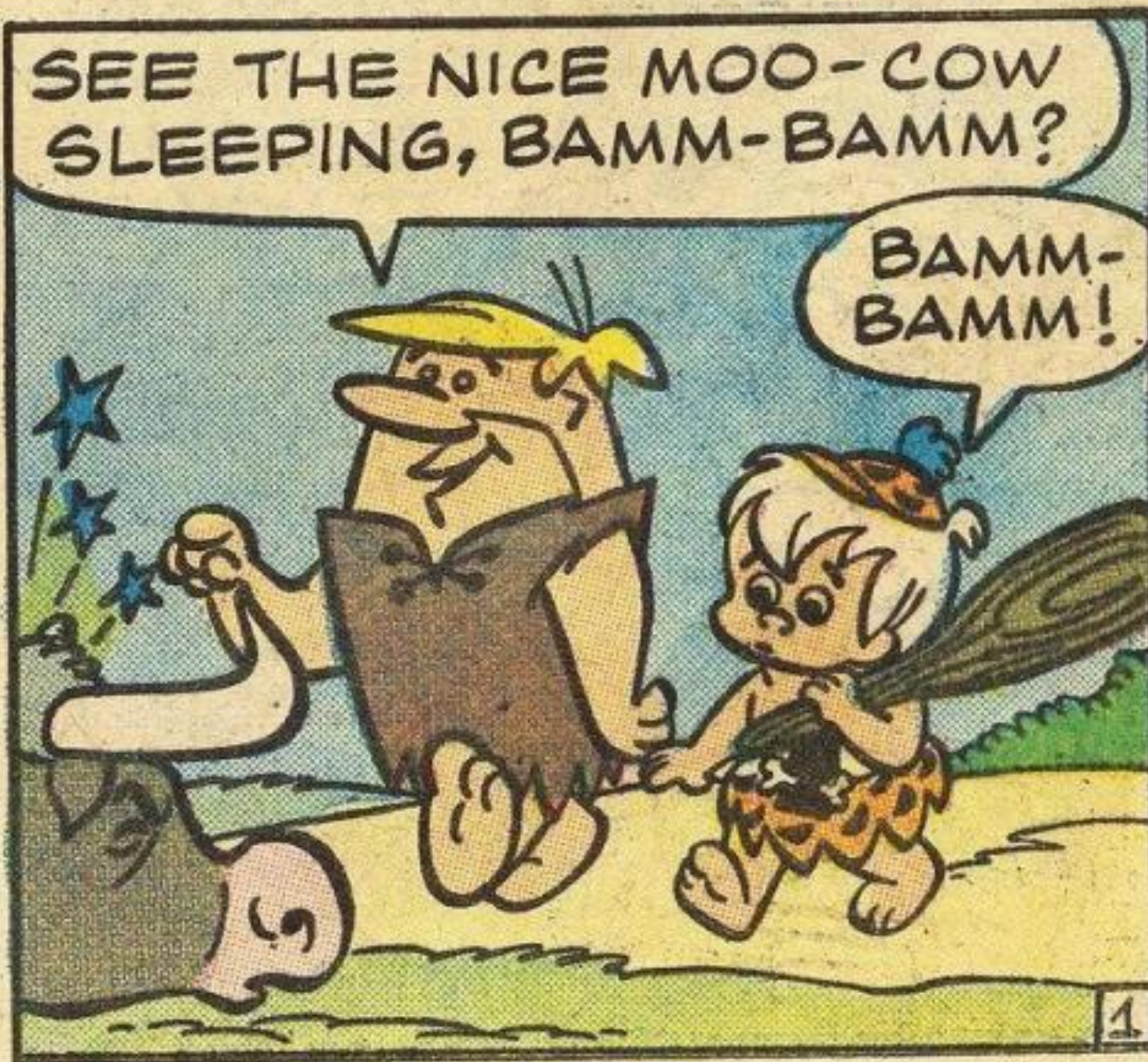
BREATHE THAT FRESH AIR,  
BAMB-BAMB!

POWW!



SEE THE NICE MOO-COW  
SLEEPING, BAMB-BAMB?

BAMB-  
BAMB!





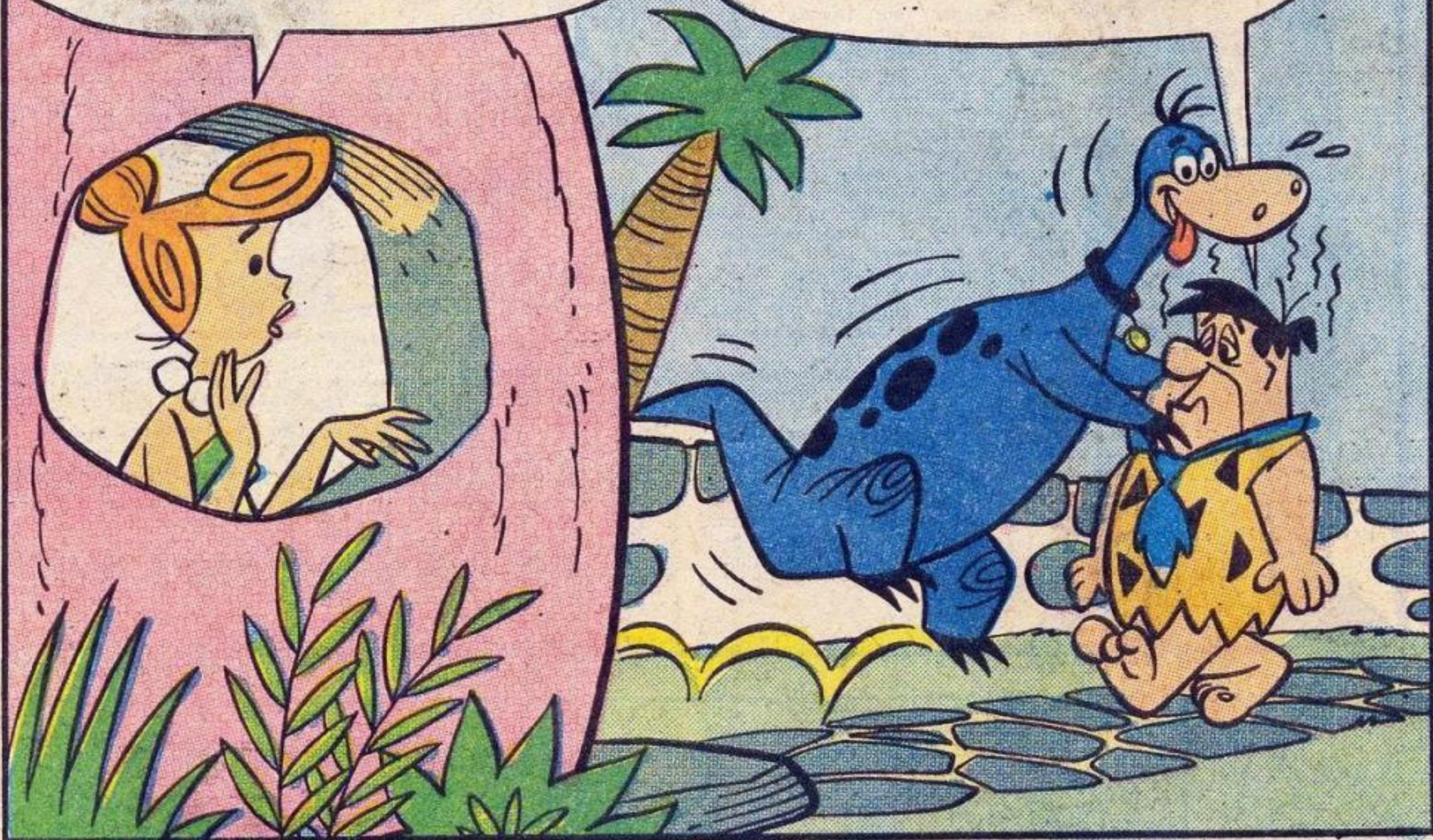




# THE IMPATIENT PATIENT

YOU'RE HOME EARLY, FRED! WHAT'S THE MATTER **THIS** TIME?

I'M SICK... I'M RUNNIN' A FEVER... I GOT THE **PEKING VIRUS!**



PEKING VIRUS? DON'T YOU MEAN HONG KONG FLU?

THE PEKING VIRUS IS THE SAME AS HONG KONG FLU... BUT YOUR **FACE** GETS **REDDER!**

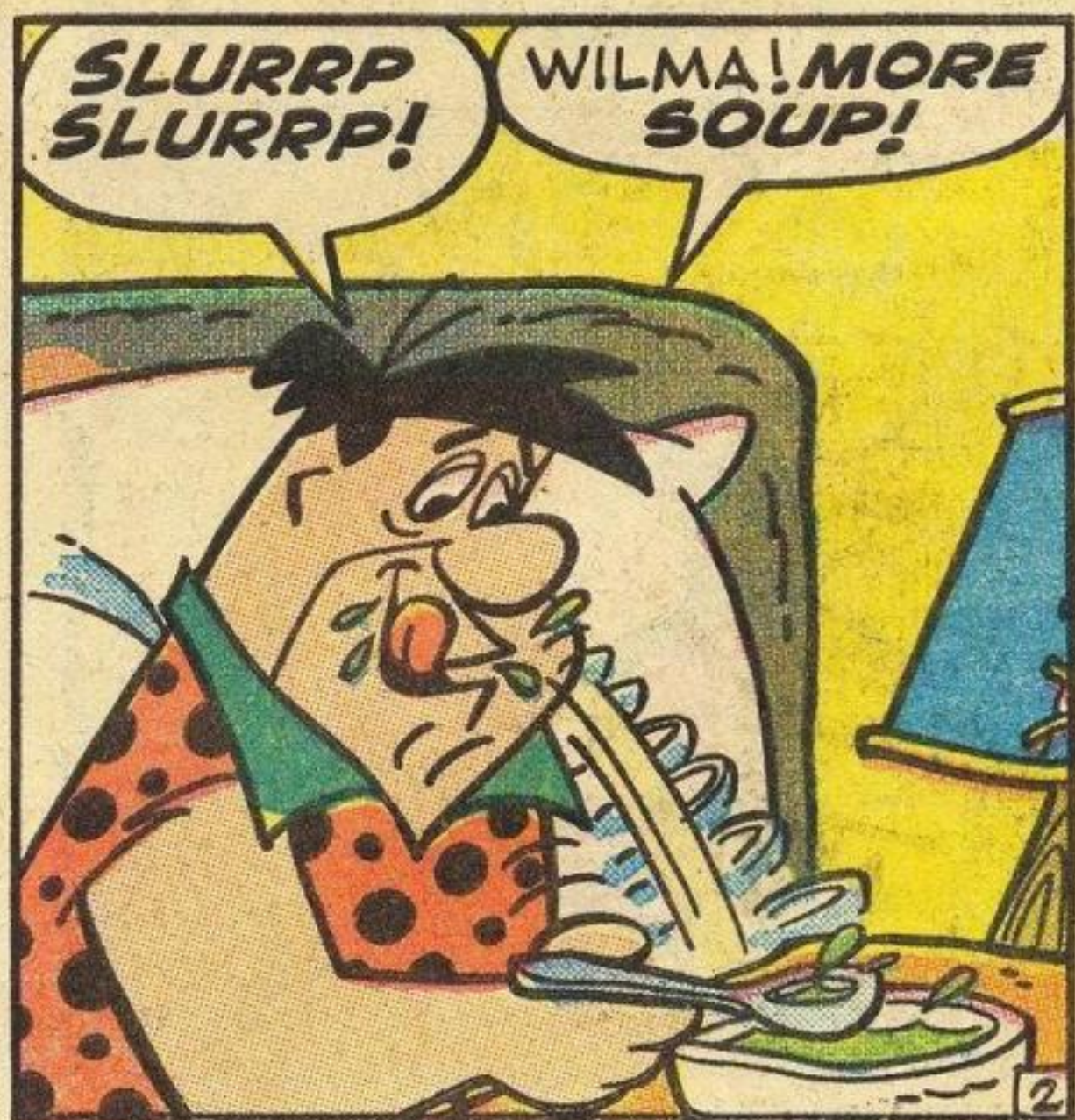


I'LL GIVE YOU ASPIRIN AND CASTOR OIL, FRED! YOU'LL BE READY FOR WORK TOMORROW!

HUH?





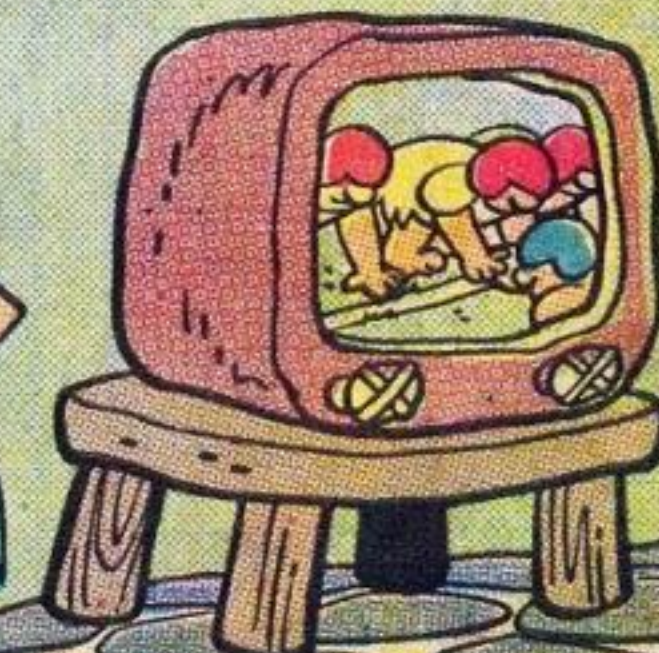




FRED SAYS  
HE'S SICK,  
BETTY, AND  
YOU KNOW  
FRED! HE  
WANTS TO BE  
WAITED ON  
ALL THE  
TIME! I'M SO  
EXHAUSTED  
I'M GOING  
TO BED!



WILMA!!



I'M SICK...AND A SICK MAN  
NEEDS NOURISHMENT...I WONDER  
WHAT'S IN THE ICE BOX?



YUMM! LET'S SEE...WHAT'S  
GOOD FOR A SICK STOMACH...



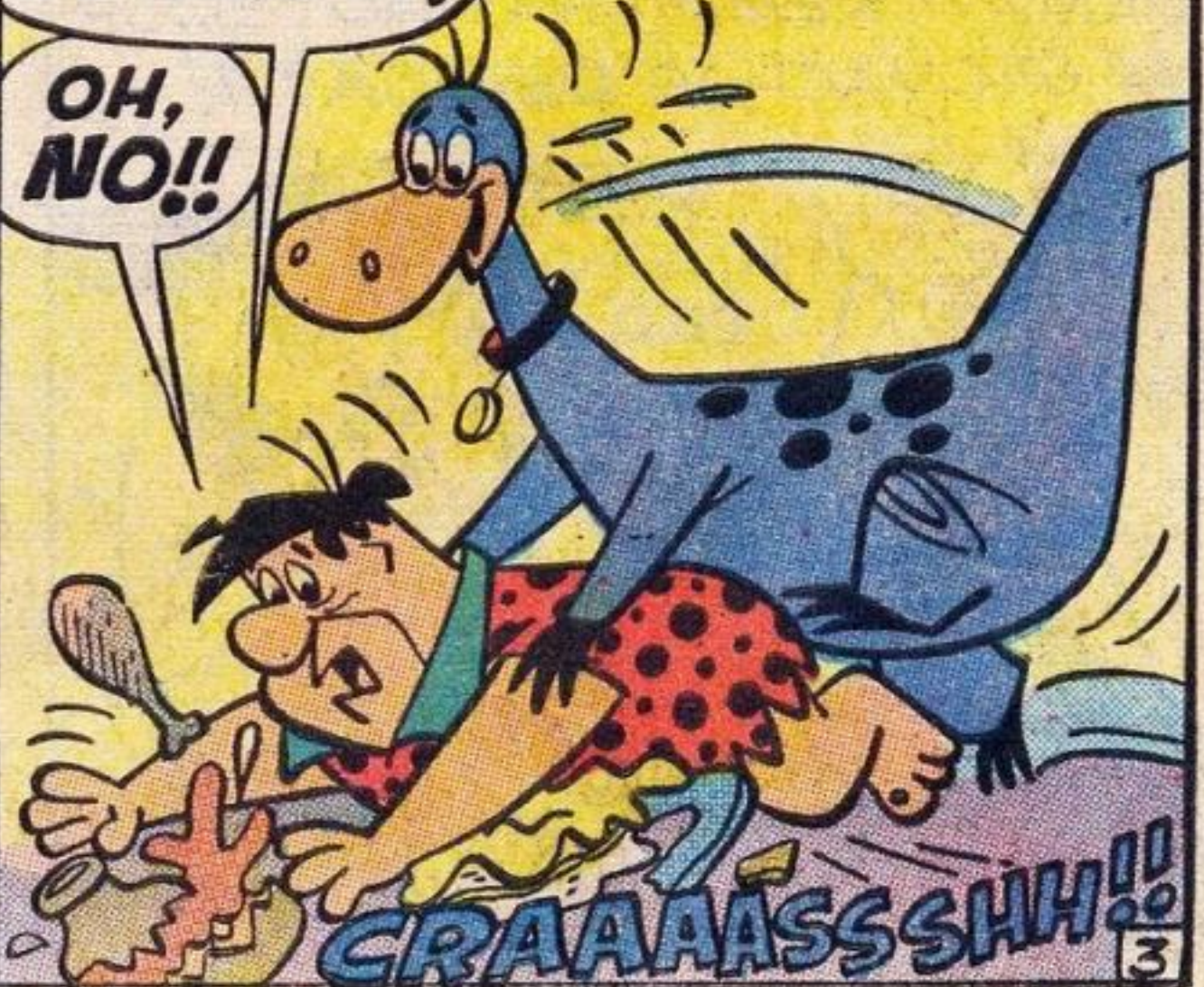
A  
LIGHT  
SNACK!

YYABA-DABA-DOO!



NO, DINO!  
DOWN, BOY!

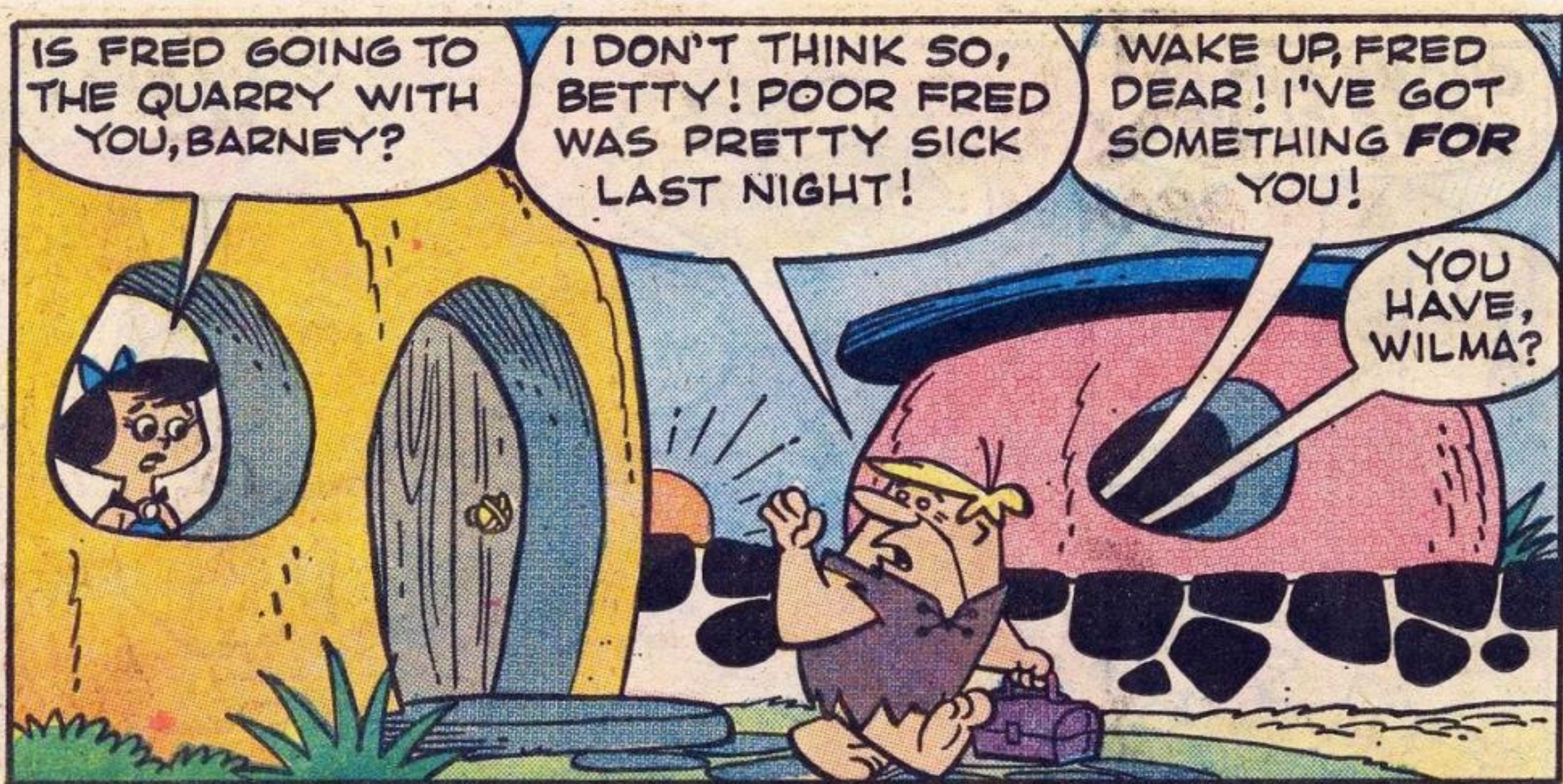
OH,  
NO!!











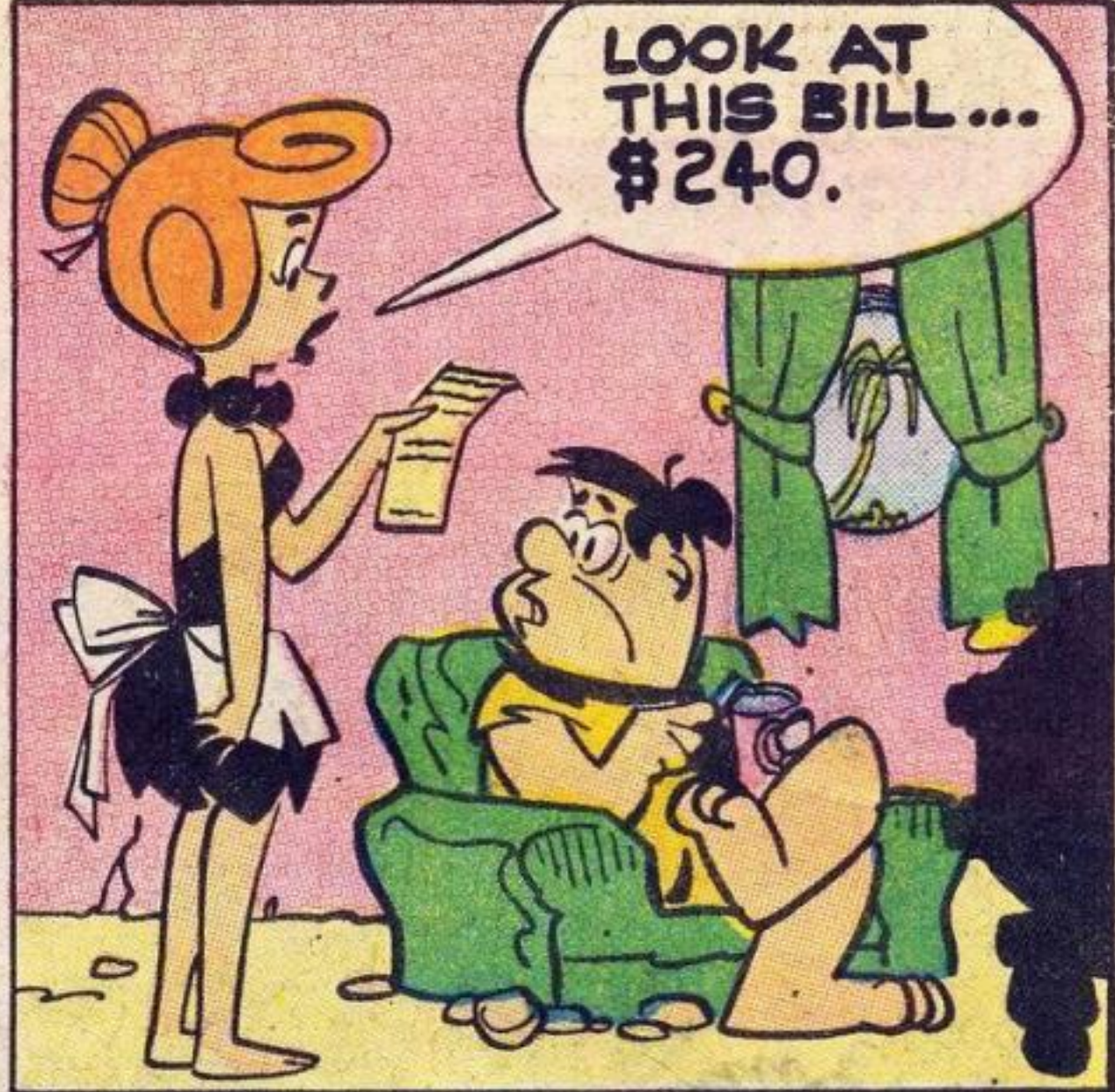


# DINO IN

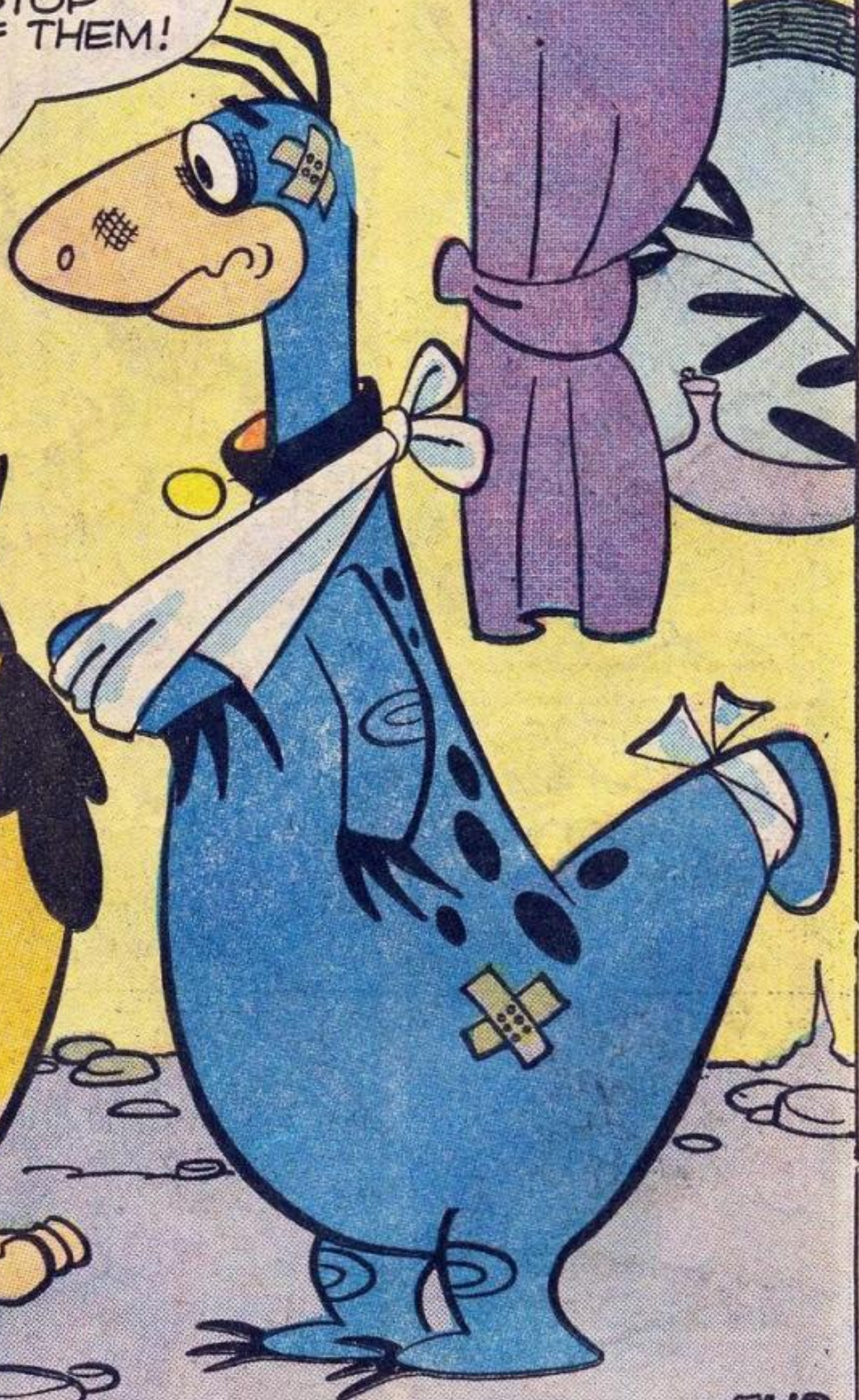
## "BAD BRAKES"

YOU'VE GOT TO STOP DINO FROM CHASING CARS, FRED!

OH, NO! HE BANGED UP AGAIN, HUH?



CHASING CARS WOULDN'T BE SO BAD, DUMMY... BUT YOU'VE GOT TO STOP SMASHING INTO THE BACK OF THEM!





# The FLINTSTONES

IN

# Party Time!





YOU'LL SEE WHAT I MEAN,  
BETTY! SEE YOU AND BARNEY  
TONIGHT!



THAT NIGHT...

YABBA DABBA DOO!

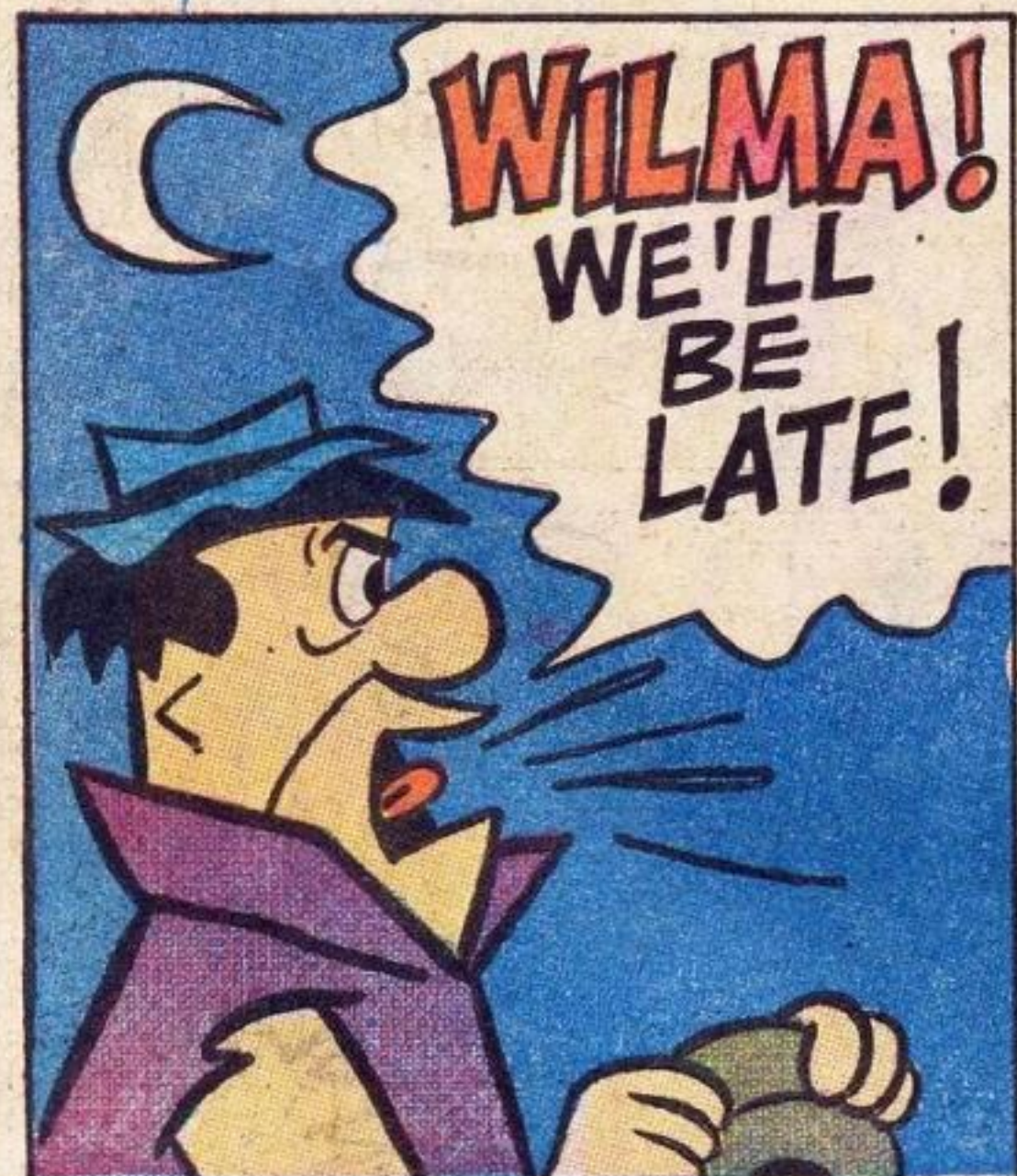
I CAN'T WAIT TO GET  
TO THAT PARTY!



WILMA!  
WE'RE  
WAITING!



WILMA!  
WE'LL  
BE  
LATE!



KEEP YOUR COOL,  
FRED, WILMA DOESN'T  
CARE TO GO TO THE  
PARTY.. I THINK  
SHE'S STALLING!

I DON'T KNOW  
WHY... SHE  
ALWAYS LIKED  
THE ROCKHEADS!





SEE WHAT I MEAN, BETTY?  
AT A PARTY, THE MEN ALWAYS  
HUDDLE IN A CLUSTER BUT  
I HAVE AN IDEA TO BREAK IT UP.

**YAK YAK YAK**  
**CHATTER CHATTER CHATTER**



**WHO'S THAT  
GORGEOUS,  
CURVACIOUS  
BLOND?!**



**BLOND!! WHERE??**

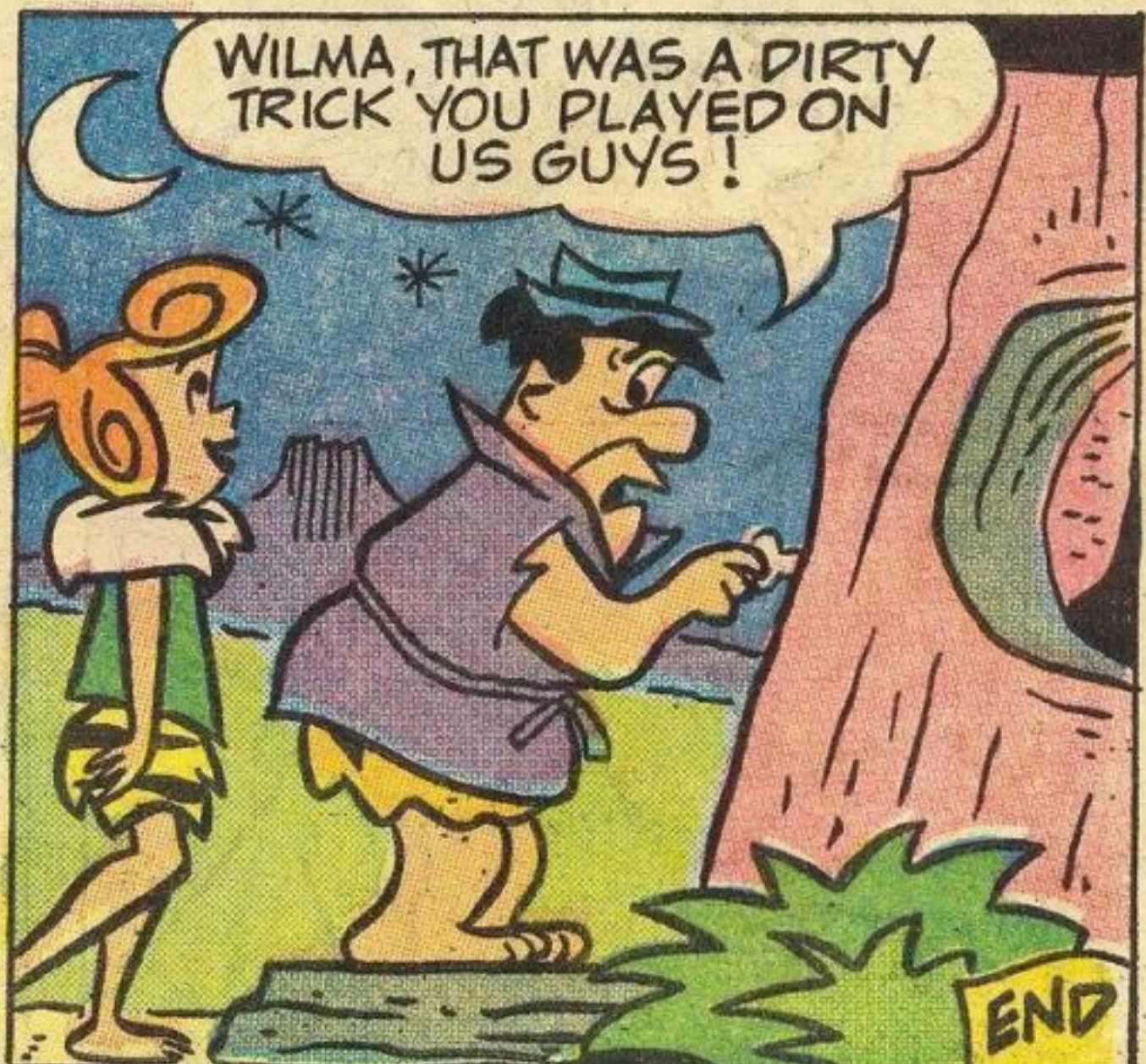


WHAT BLOND?  
HAVE YOU SEEN  
A BLOND, BETTY?

NO!



WILMA, THAT WAS A DIRTY  
TRICK YOU PLAYED ON  
US GUYS!

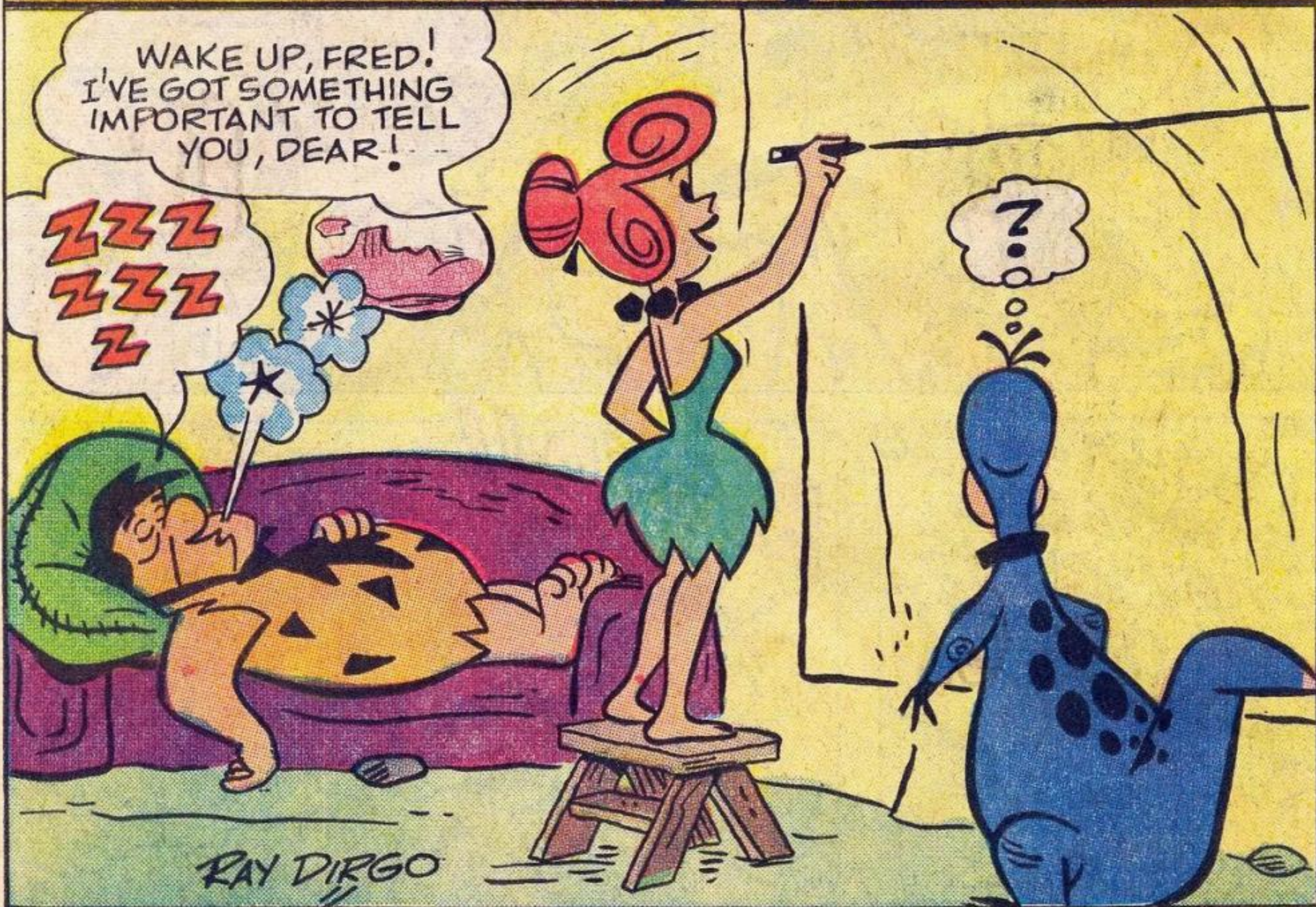




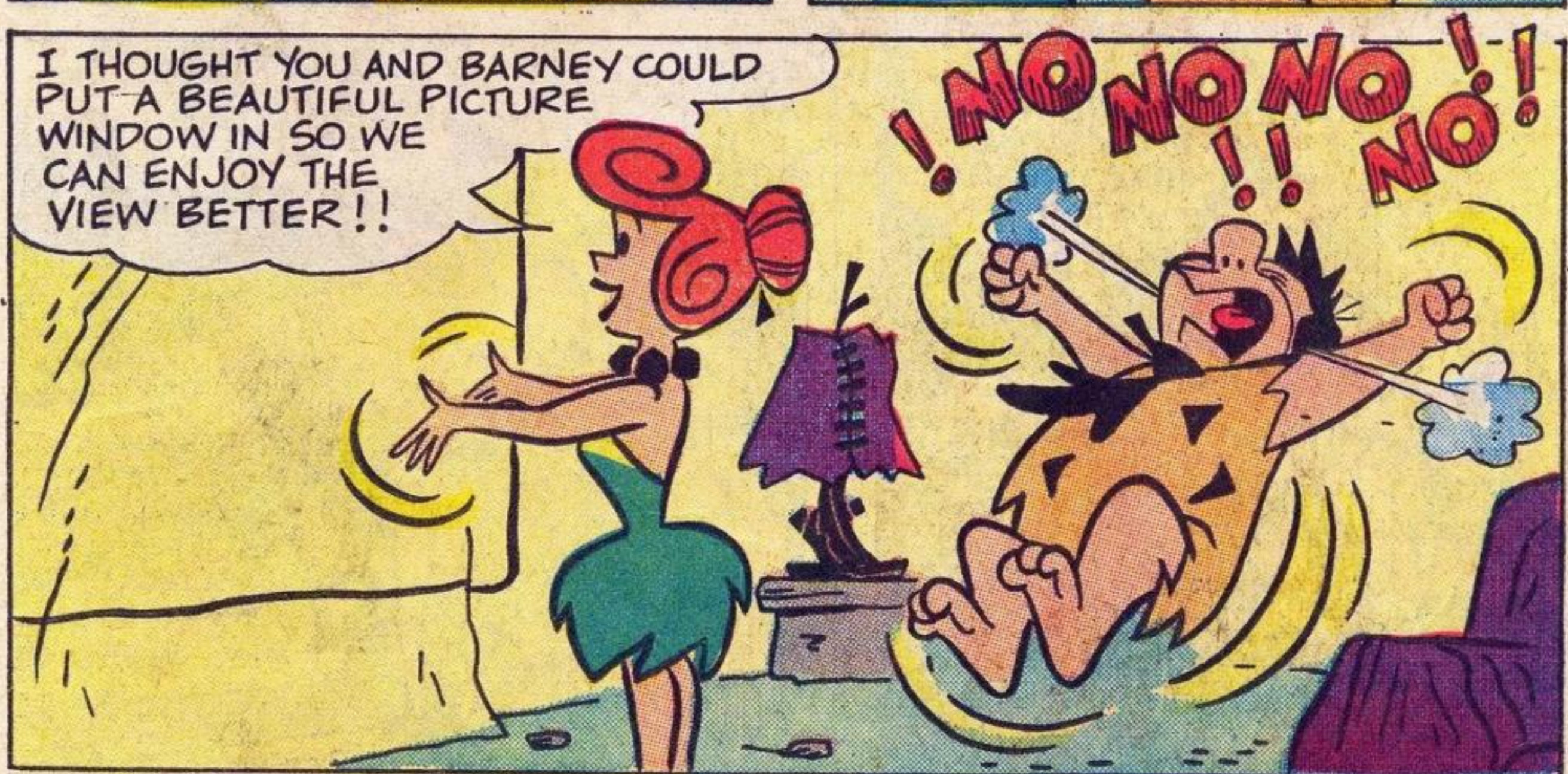
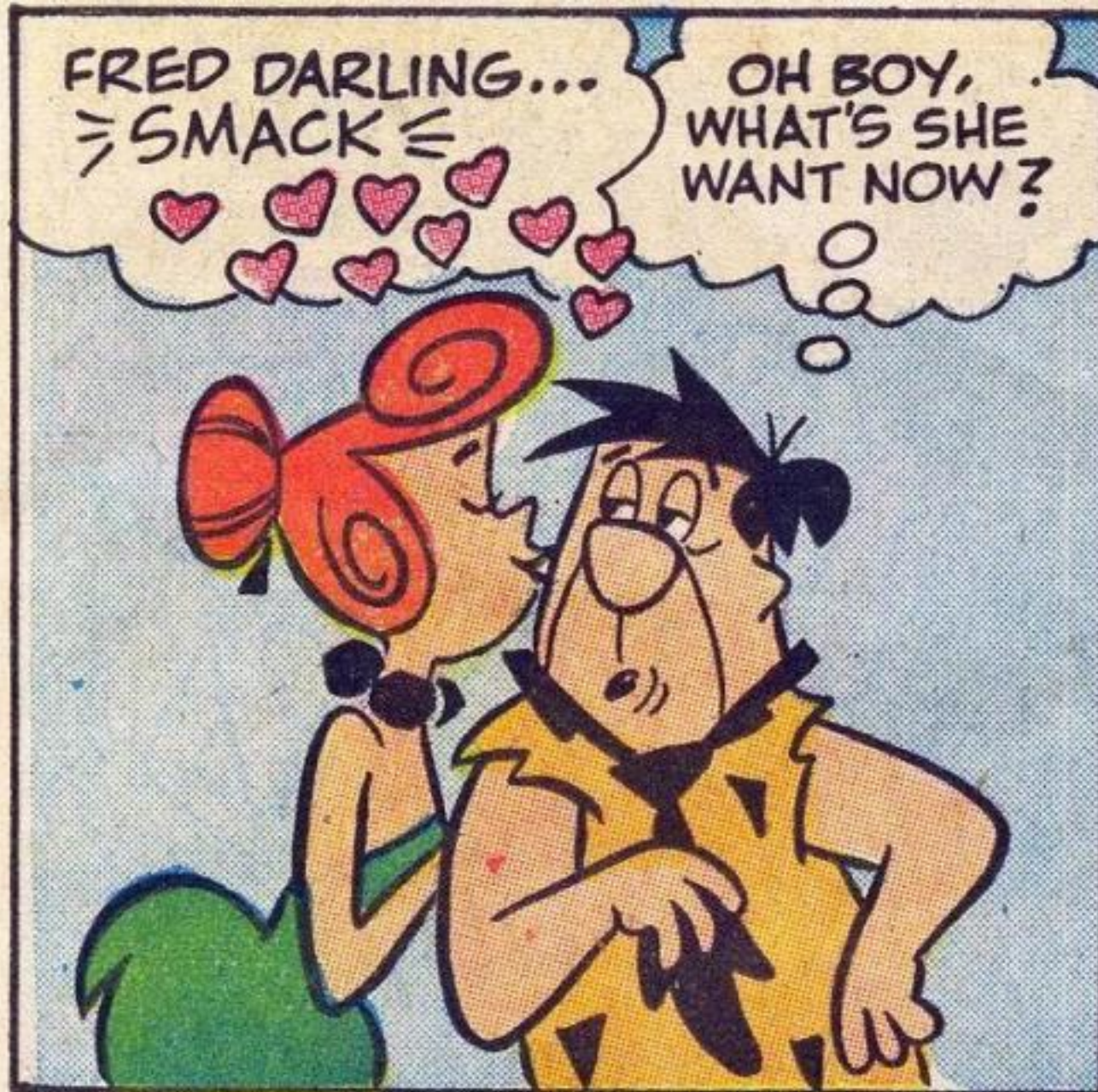
# The FLINTSTONES

IN

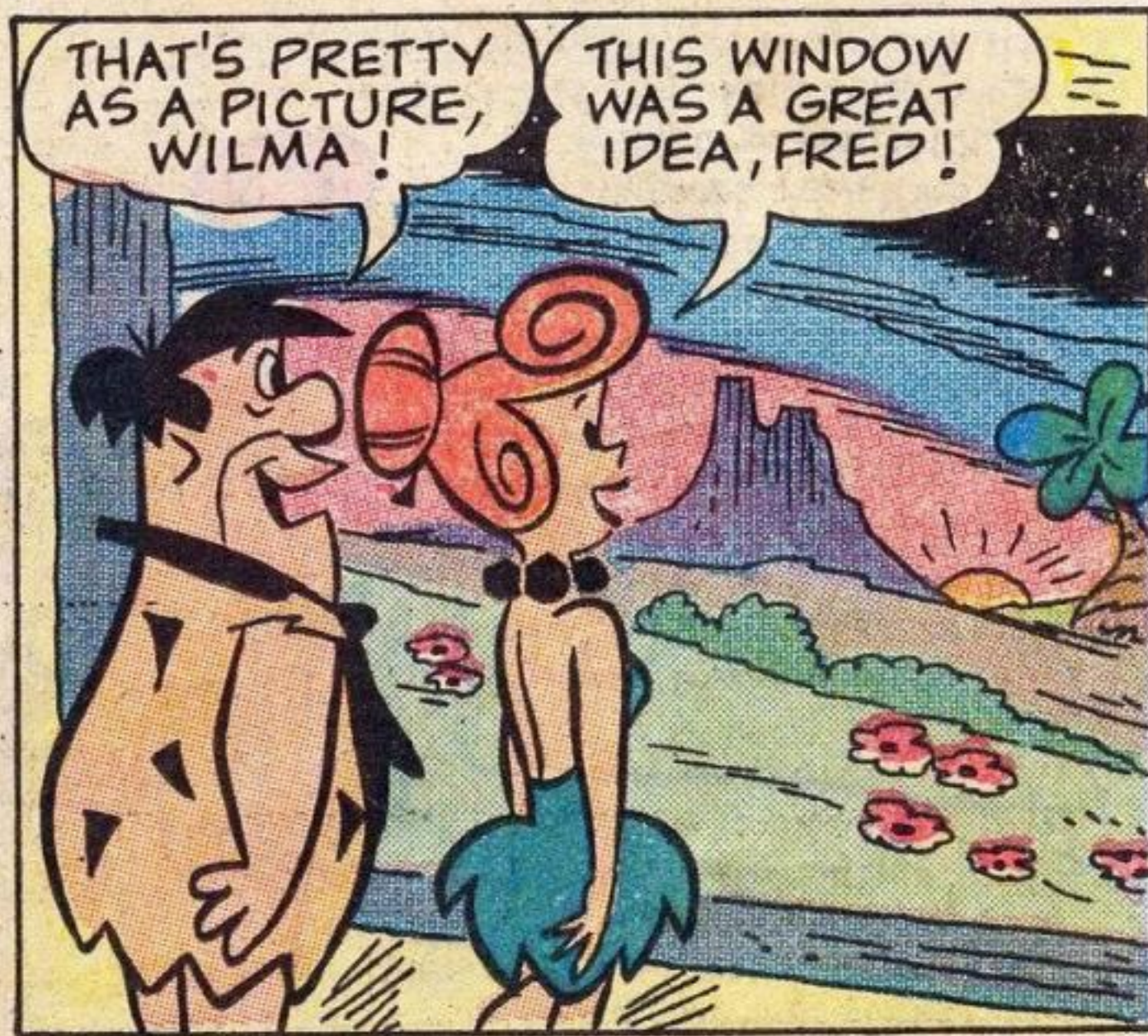
# WILMA WANTS A VIEW!!
















# CHALK DUST

For more than thirty years I have been teaching these darling little children in our school system. I taught them even in the kindergarten grade right up through senior high school. But nothing in this world compares to the ability, skill, imagination, and even mischief of our grade school youngsters. They can at times come up with solutions to problems that are way ahead of our best scientists.

These past two years in many of our cities and communities there has been a shortage of electricity. We have had black-outs, brown-outs, or whatever else you want to call it. So when the kids came back from vacation, that was the topic we discussed. Then my paper monitor, Helen, gave each student a sheet of paper.

"Suppose you were in charge of the city," I told the class, "How would you see that we have enough electricity for lights, motors, heating, air conditioners, and any other appliance that needs electric current?"

Maybe there was a hole in my head when I gave them that assignment. Only five minutes to write the solution. Then I collected the papers. Pulled one out of the pack at random.

"Michael," I called, "Come up to the front of the class and read your paper."

"I have a very simple solution," he began. "We can all have electricity free of charge. All we need. My father took me to the zoo this summer. They had a building with all kinds of fish and other creatures in it. I saw an electric eel. He made enough electricity to light several electric bulbs. So every family has five or six eels. All the current you need free of charge."

Marsha waved her hand wildly. I sighed. She was always looking for the opportunity to show that Michael made a mistake. She did not like him anymore. She had given him some cookies her mother baked. And he said they weren't fit to feed to pigs. She was almost ready to pull the hair off his scalp. I had to acknowledge her request to speak.

"First of all you would have to buy these electric eels," she began. "There would be a big demand for them. And they would be very expensive. Next, you have to feed them food. And I figure with everyone

wanting to buy eel food, that would cost a lot of money. And then if the eel got sick, what would you do? Maybe there will be eel doctors."

"You could give them the cookies your mother bakes," shouted Michael with evident anger in his voice. "If it doesn't cure them, then it may kill them."

That was all I needed! I banged a book on my desk for order. Then I pulled another paper out of the pack.

"Thelma," I said, "Come up here and read your paper to the class." Inwardly I was wondering if the principal had been here observing my lesson, what his reaction would be?

"During the blackout I was with my father in his car," she read. "We had no problem at all. The lights were on. And we had music from our tape player. So maybe every family should have an extra car in their home. Keep it in the living room. If they have a private house they can keep it in the basement. So when there is a blackout, all they have to do is to start the motor. Or maybe they can just use the battery in the car for lights."

"Objection, objection," shouted Donald. "If they run the motor in the house there will be pollution. Every home will be full of that terrible stuff. I know it can be dangerous. I don't remember just what it is called. I know the first word is carbon. The second is something like a hide."

"Carbon monoxide," I corrected him. "But enough of this. I think we are getting off the track."

I should never have used that expression. One look at the face of Laura who sat in front of my desk and I could sense she didn't know what it meant.

"How can we get off a track if we weren't on a track?" she asked.

I knew I was beaten. Also that I was losing control of the lesson. Two more minutes to the lunch time bell and I would be saved.

"Every home should have an emergency searchlight and candles in case of a blackout," I told the class. And then to snap back at them, I added, "Candles are wonderful. If it weren't for Edison we would be watching TV by candlelight."

The bell rang just as I finished the last word. I really was finished.



# THE FLINTSTONES "FAST MONEY"

FLINTSTONE, I WANT YOU TO TAKE THIS MONEY TO THE BANK BEFORE IT CLOSES. YOU'LL NEED A BODYGUARD, SO TAKE BARNEY WITH YOU.

BOSS, YOU'VE ASKED THE RIGHT MAN.

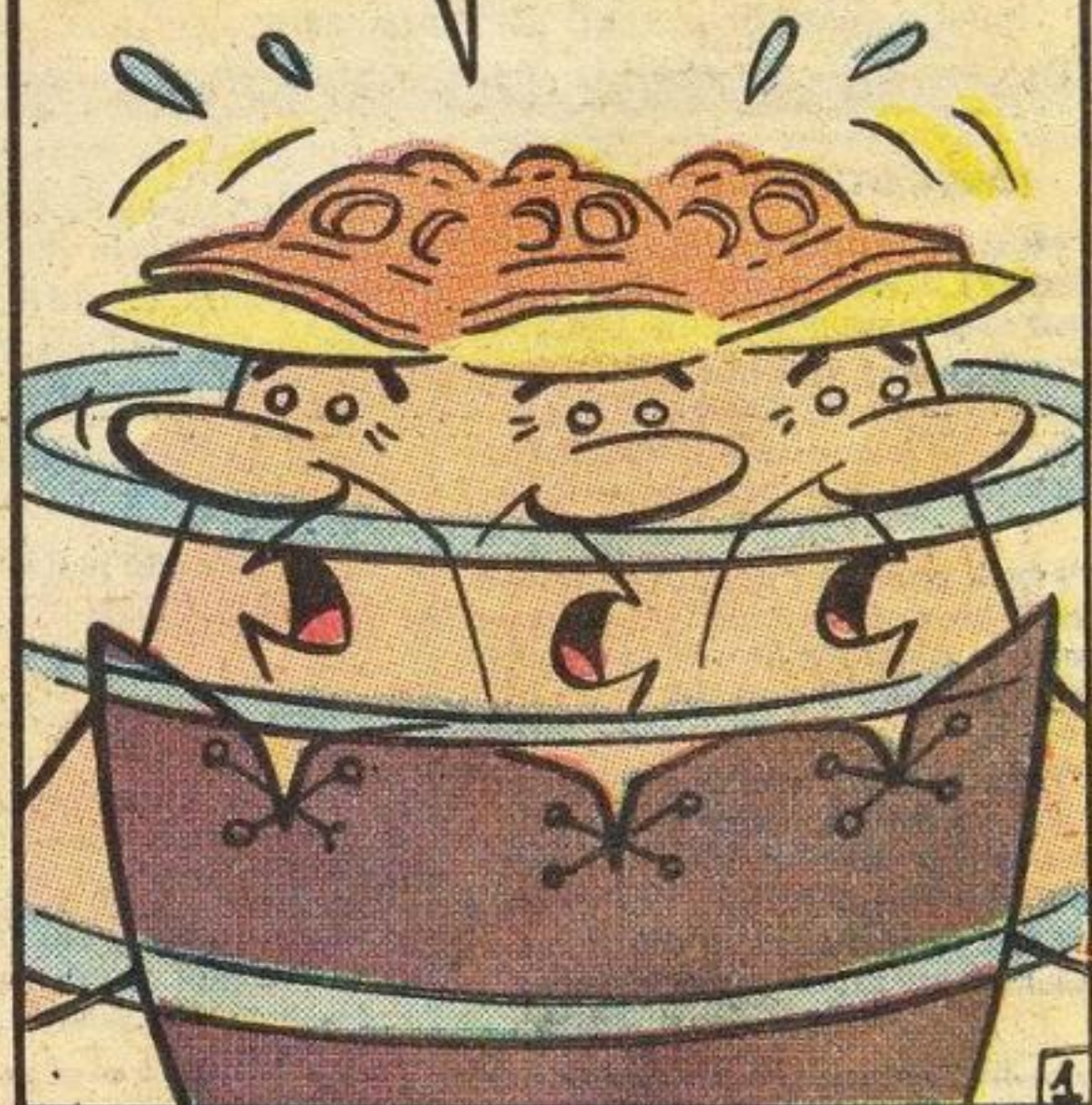


JUST WALK NEXT TO ME AND KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN, BARNEY.

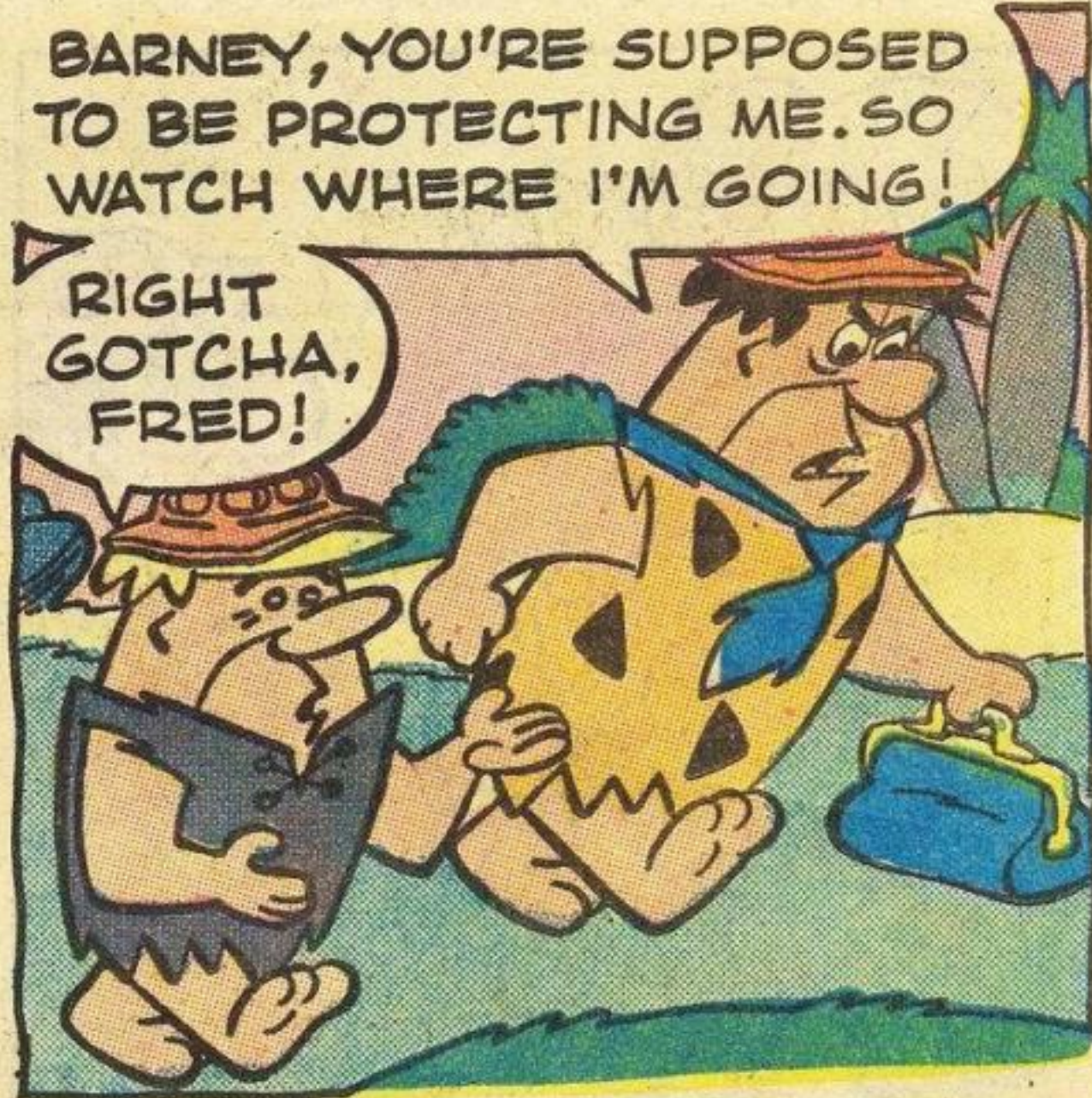
DON'T WORRY, FRED. NOTHING ESCAPES OLD EAGLE-EYE.



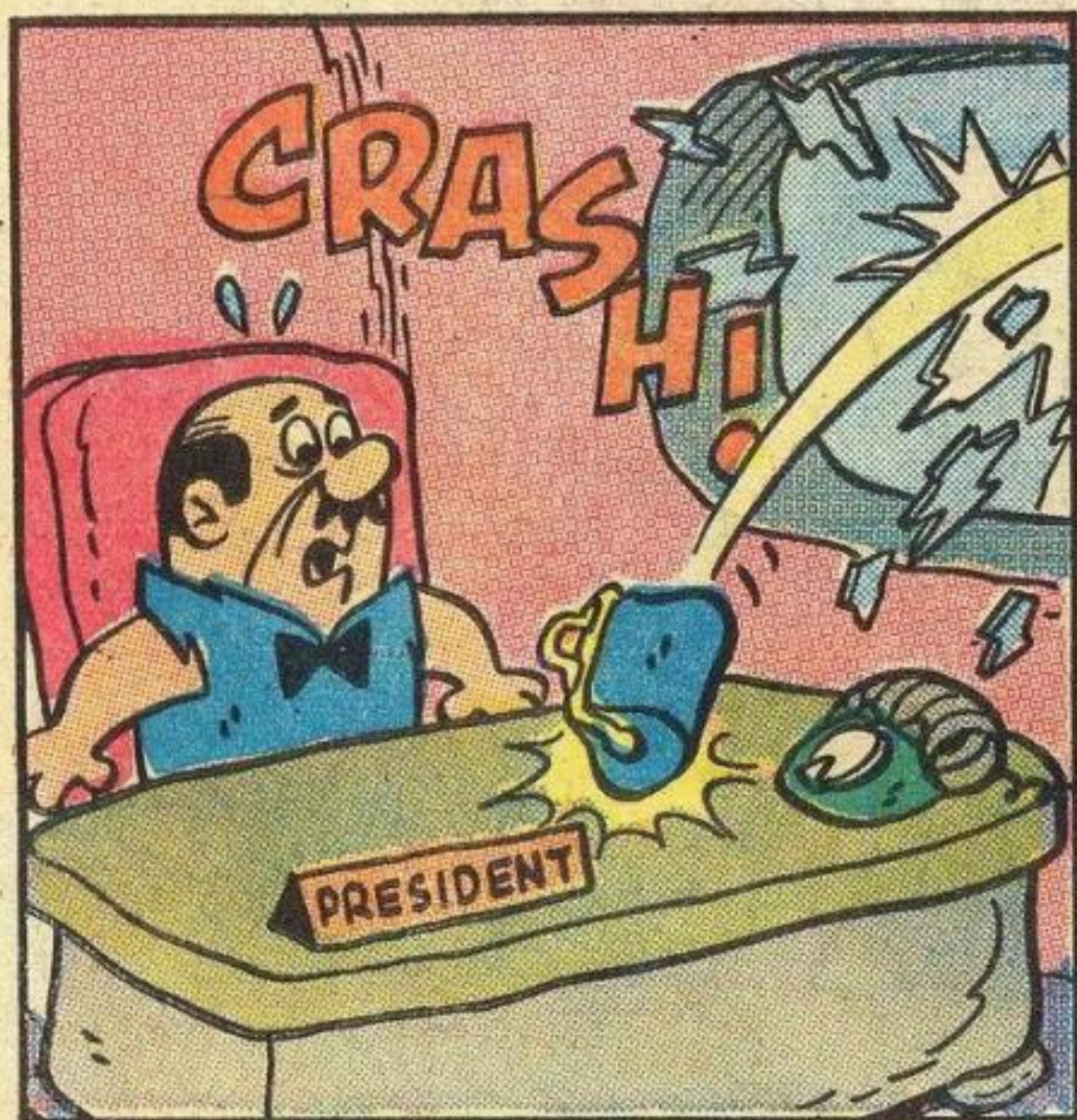
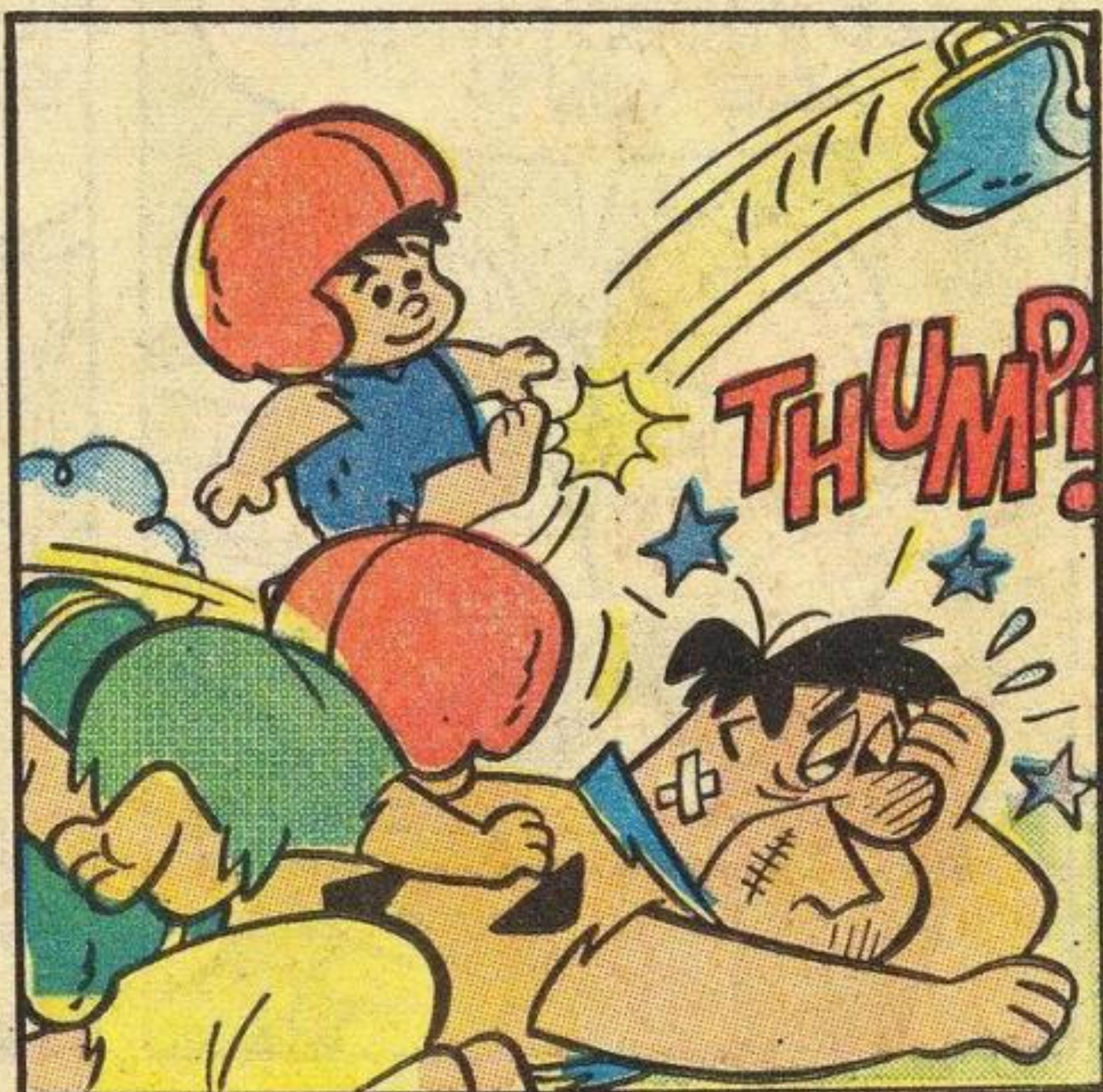
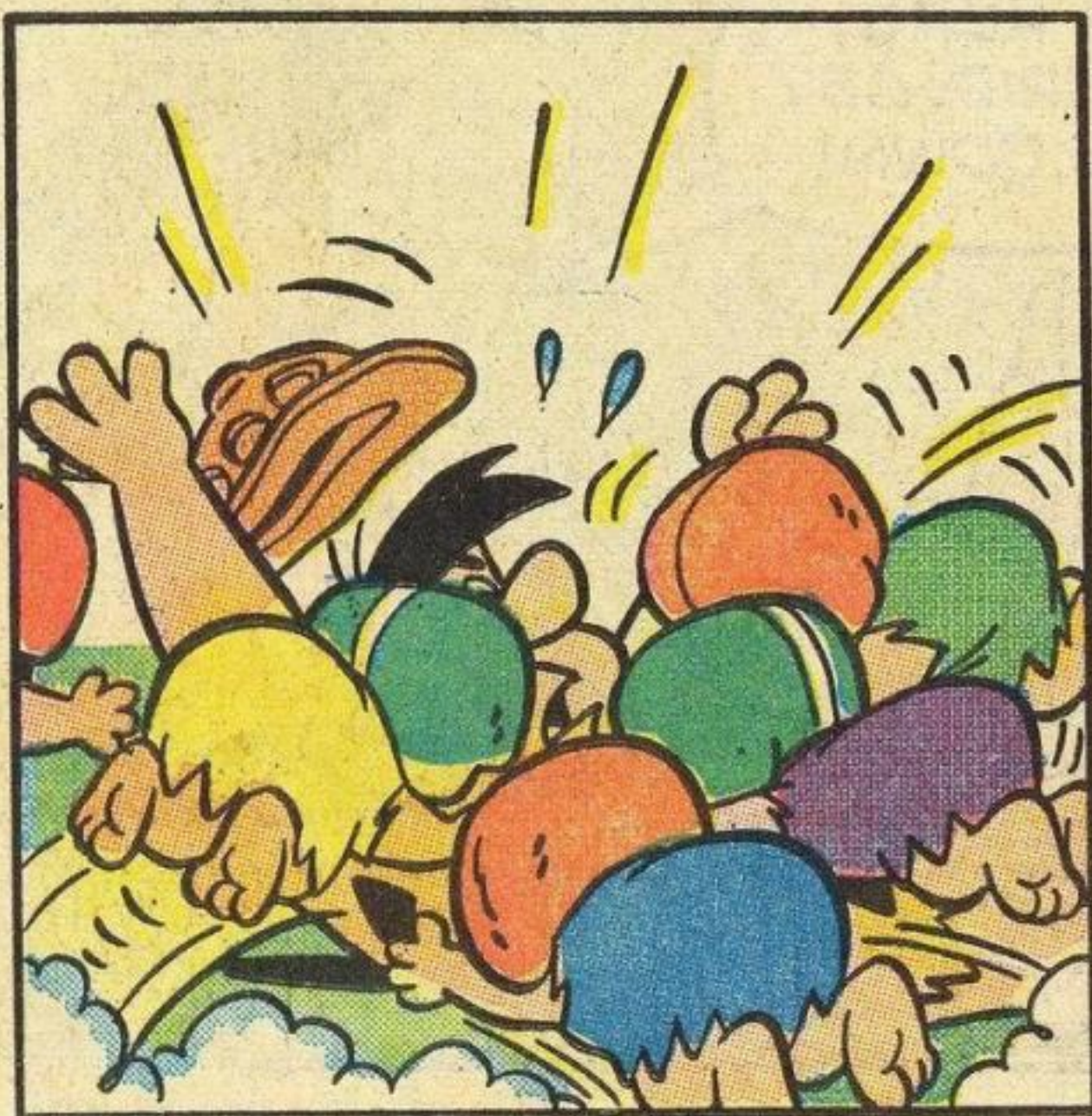
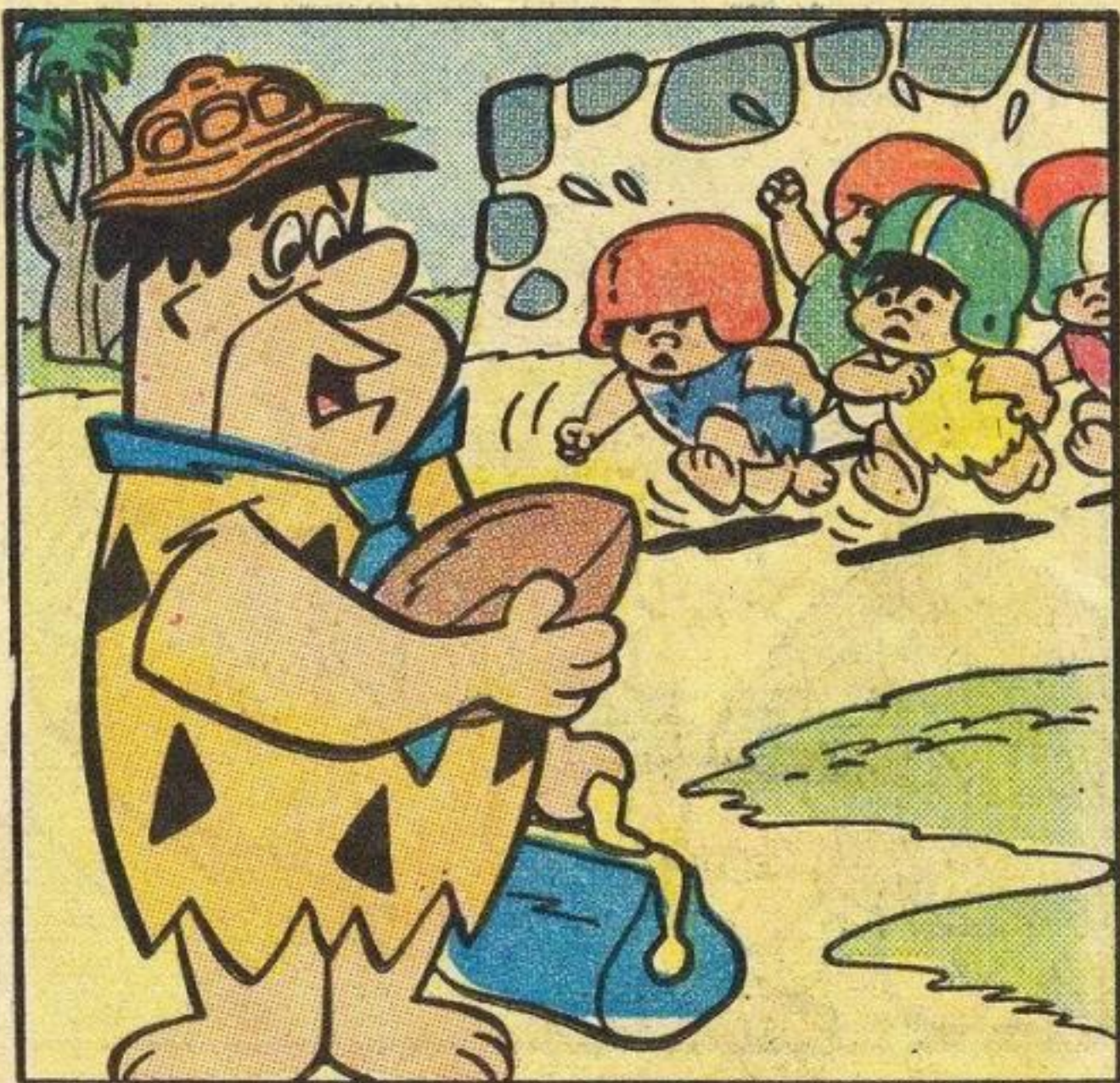
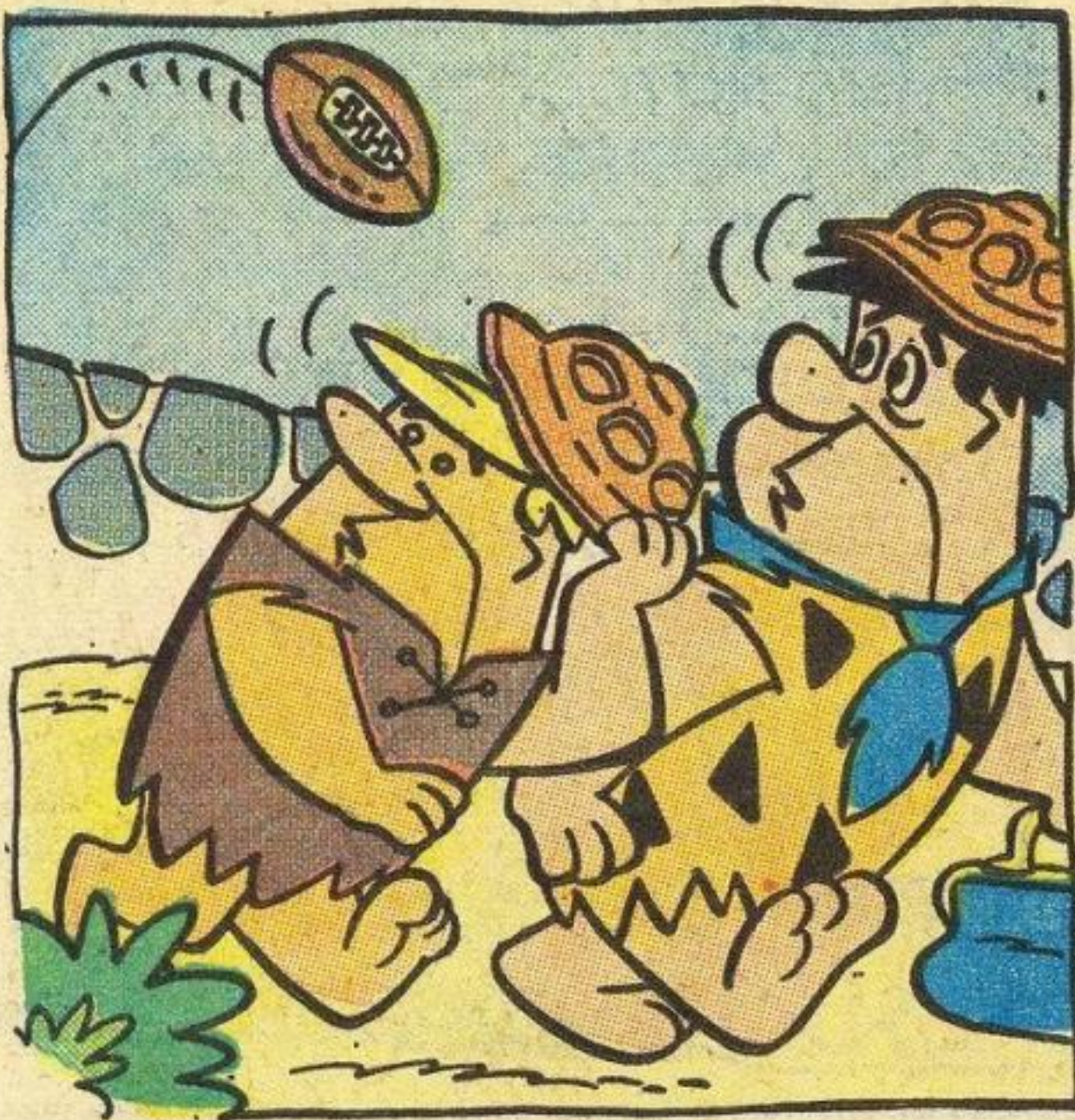
FRED! FRED! WHERE ARE YOU?











YOU LOSE THE RACE. THE MONEY GOT HERE FIVE MINUTES AHEAD OF YOU.



**THE  
FLINTSTONES**

# "PLAYBOY"

HI, ERNIE... OH, YOU  
SINGLE GUYS SURE  
LIVE IT UP!

DON'T BE SILLY, FRED.  
THEY'RE DRESS DUMMIES  
FOR THE WINDOW DISPLAY.  
I WORK HERE.



YOU SURE  
HAVE A NICE,  
SOFT JOB,  
ERNIE.

HOW WOULD YOU  
LIKE TO HELP ME  
TODAY, FRED?



ERNIE,  
YOU'VE GOT  
A HELPER!



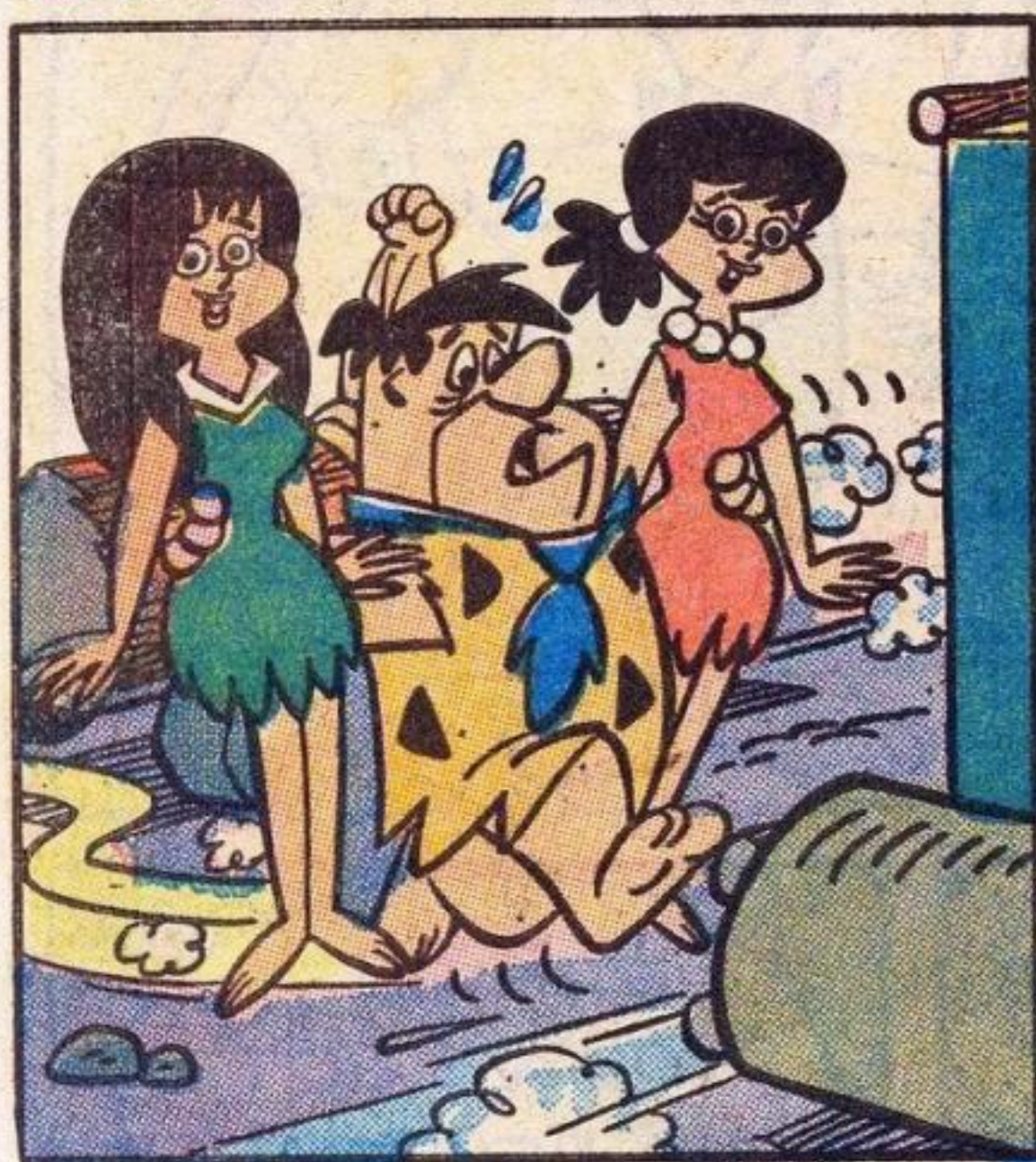


TAKE THESE TO THAT  
WAREHOUSE AND  
EXCHANGE THEM FOR  
TWO BLONDE DUMMIES.

SURE  
THING,  
ERNIE.



HELLO, WILMA.  
HELLO, BETTY.



DID YOU  
SEE **THAT**,  
WILMA?

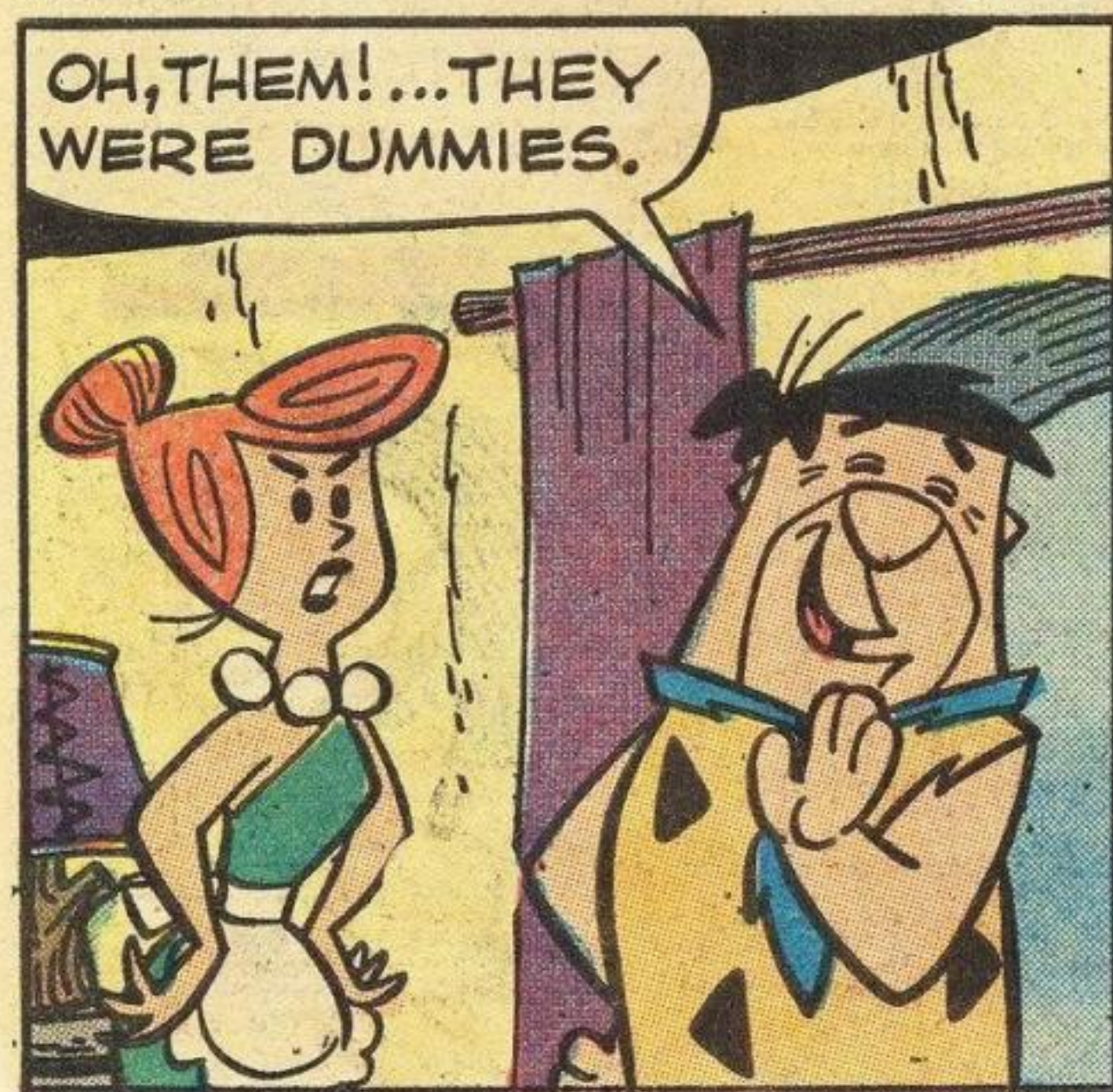
IT WAS FRED,  
WITH **TWO**  
**GIRLS!**



AND ALL THE WHILE I  
THOUGHT HE WAS AT THE  
QUARRY, BREAKING ROCKS!







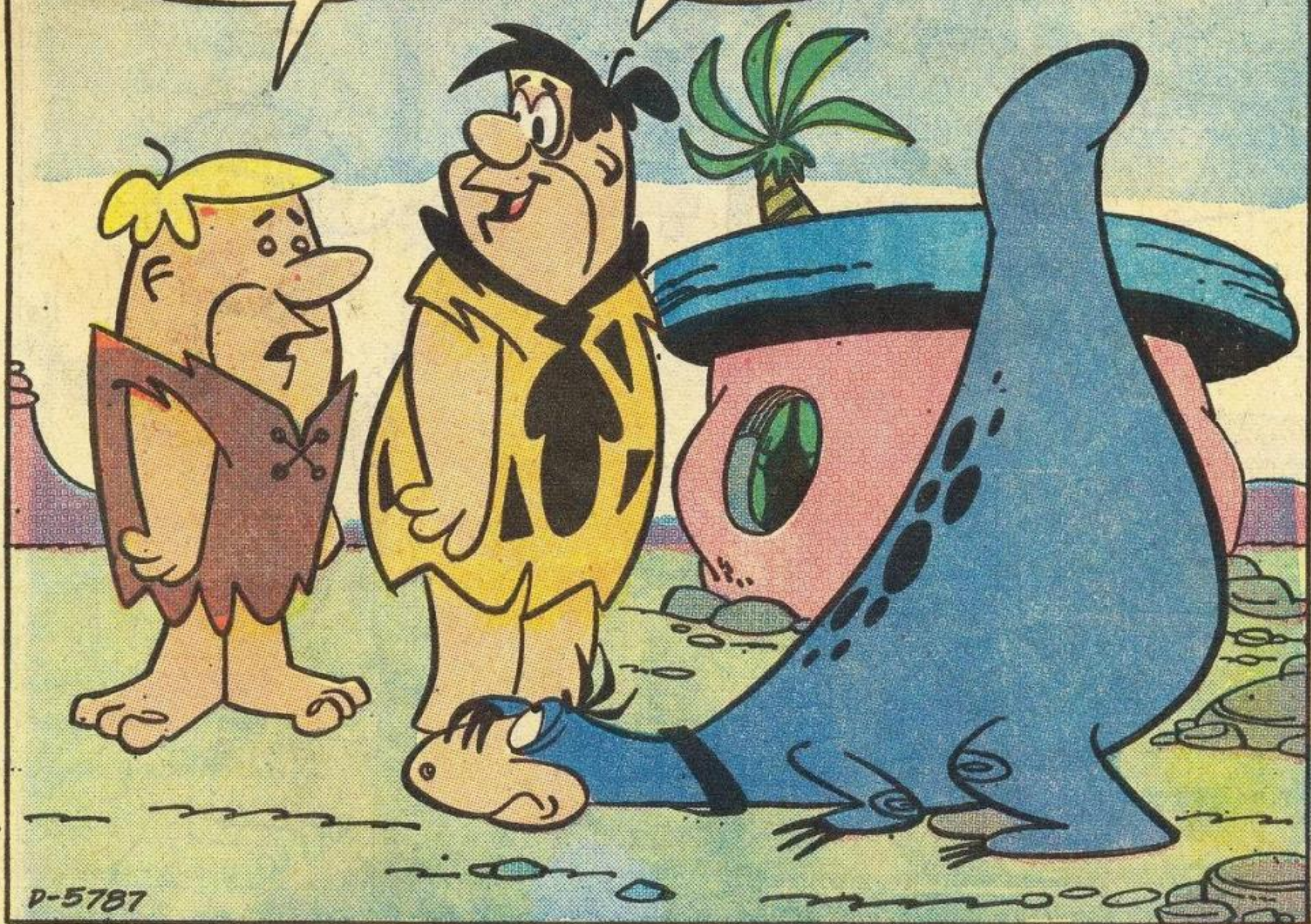


# DINO

## IN "THORNS APLENTY"

HOW COME DINO'S  
ACTING LIKE THAT,  
FRED?

I TOOK A THORN  
OUT OF HIS FOOT  
ONCE!



D-5787

YOU MEAN THAT'S HIS WAY  
OF SHOWING GRATITUDE?

NO....



THAT'S HIS WAY OF  
SHOWING ME HE HAS  
ANOTHER THORN!



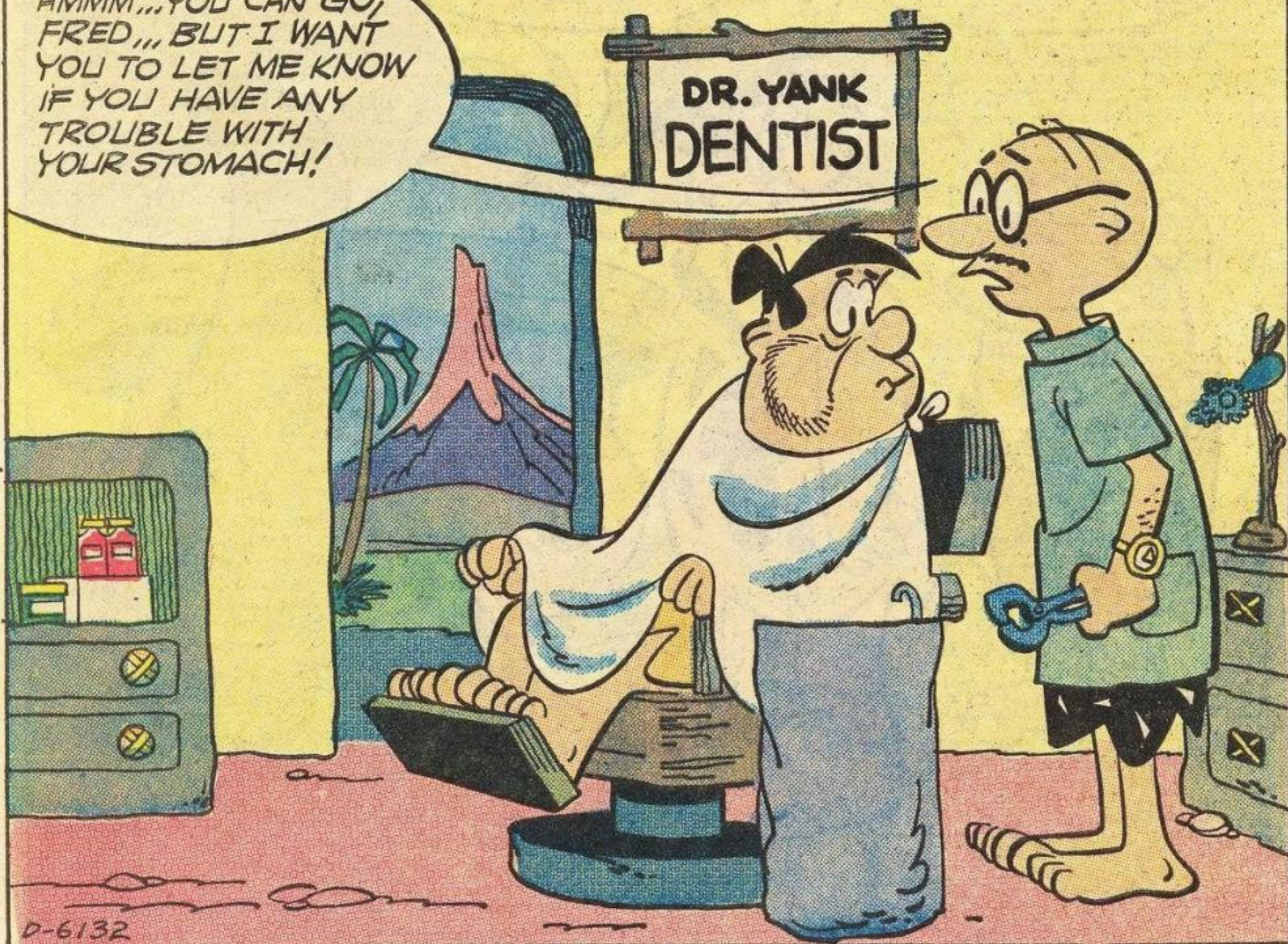


# The FLINTSTONES IN

## "THE TRAVELING TOOTH"

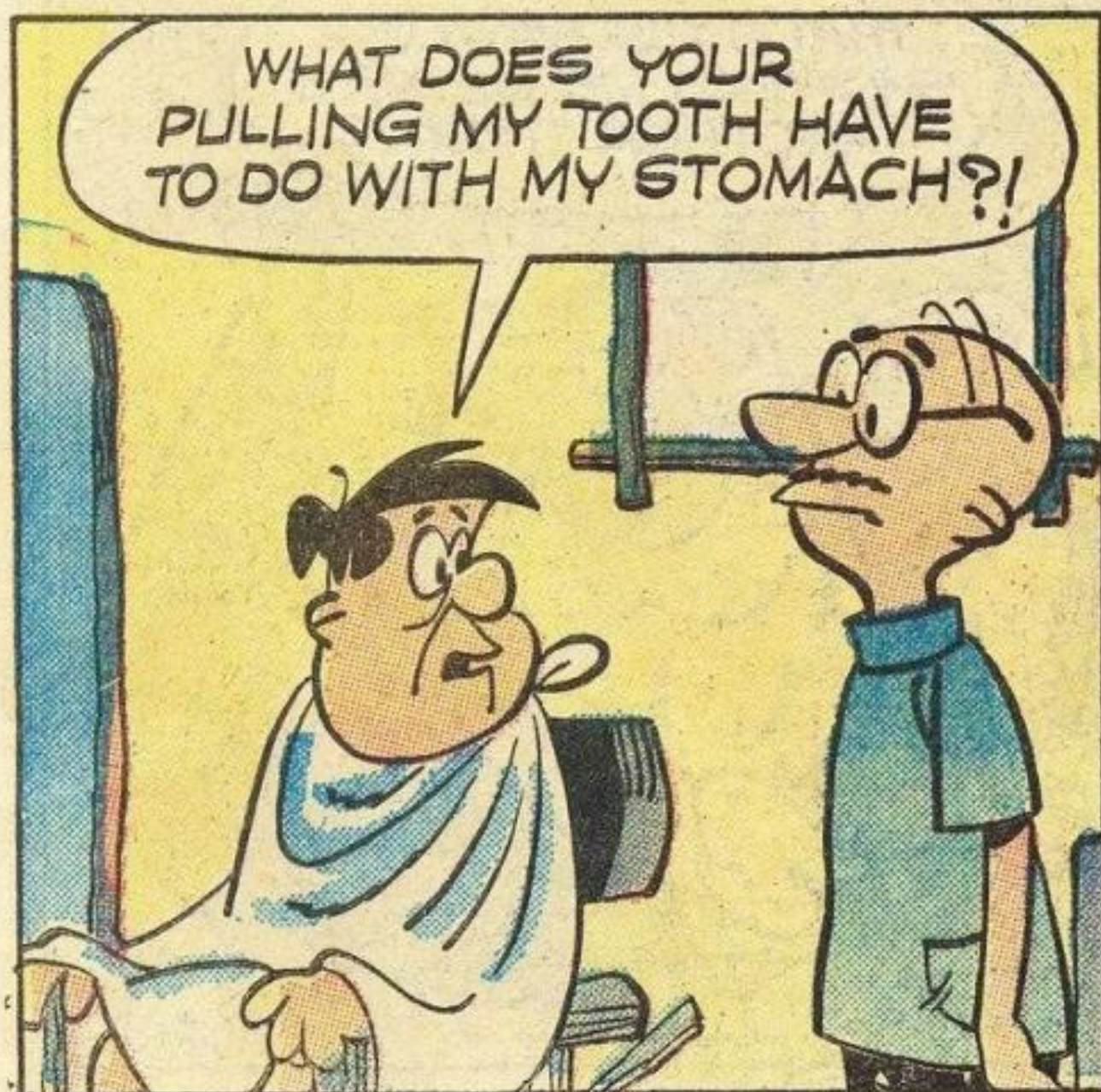
HMMM...YOU CAN GO, FRED... BUT I WANT YOU TO LET ME KNOW IF YOU HAVE ANY TROUBLE WITH YOUR STOMACH!

DR. YANK  
DENTIST

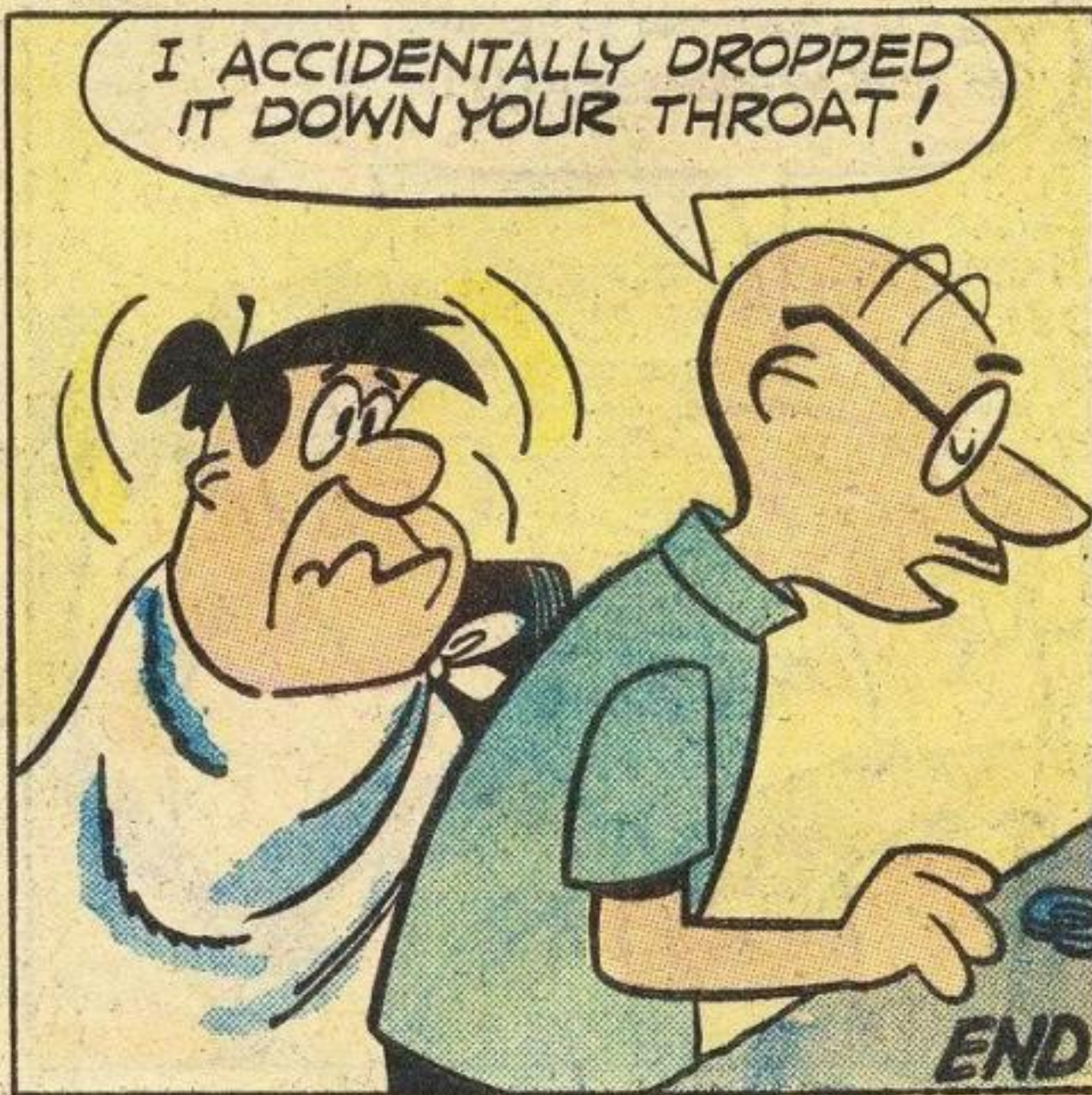


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WHAT DOES YOUR PULLING MY TOOTH HAVE TO DO WITH MY STOMACH?!



I ACCIDENTALLY DROPPED IT DOWN YOUR THROAT!



END